





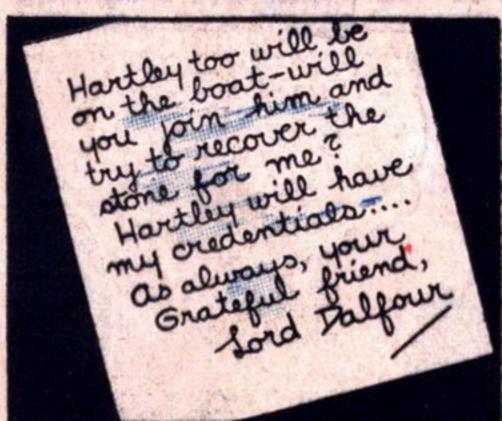


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SOUTHAMPTON...
THE "VICTORIA"
PIER ... CHARLIE
CHAN AND HIS
SON, LEE, ARE
ABOARD THE
OCEAN LINER,
WHICH IS
PREPARING TO
LEAVE FOR
AMERICA







































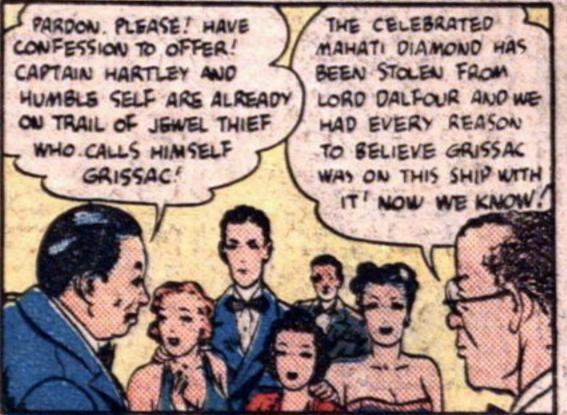
















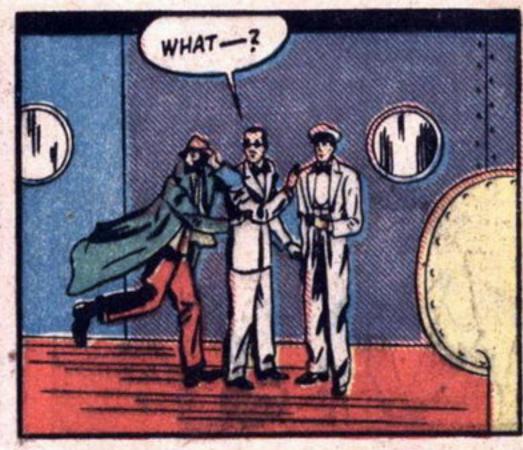


























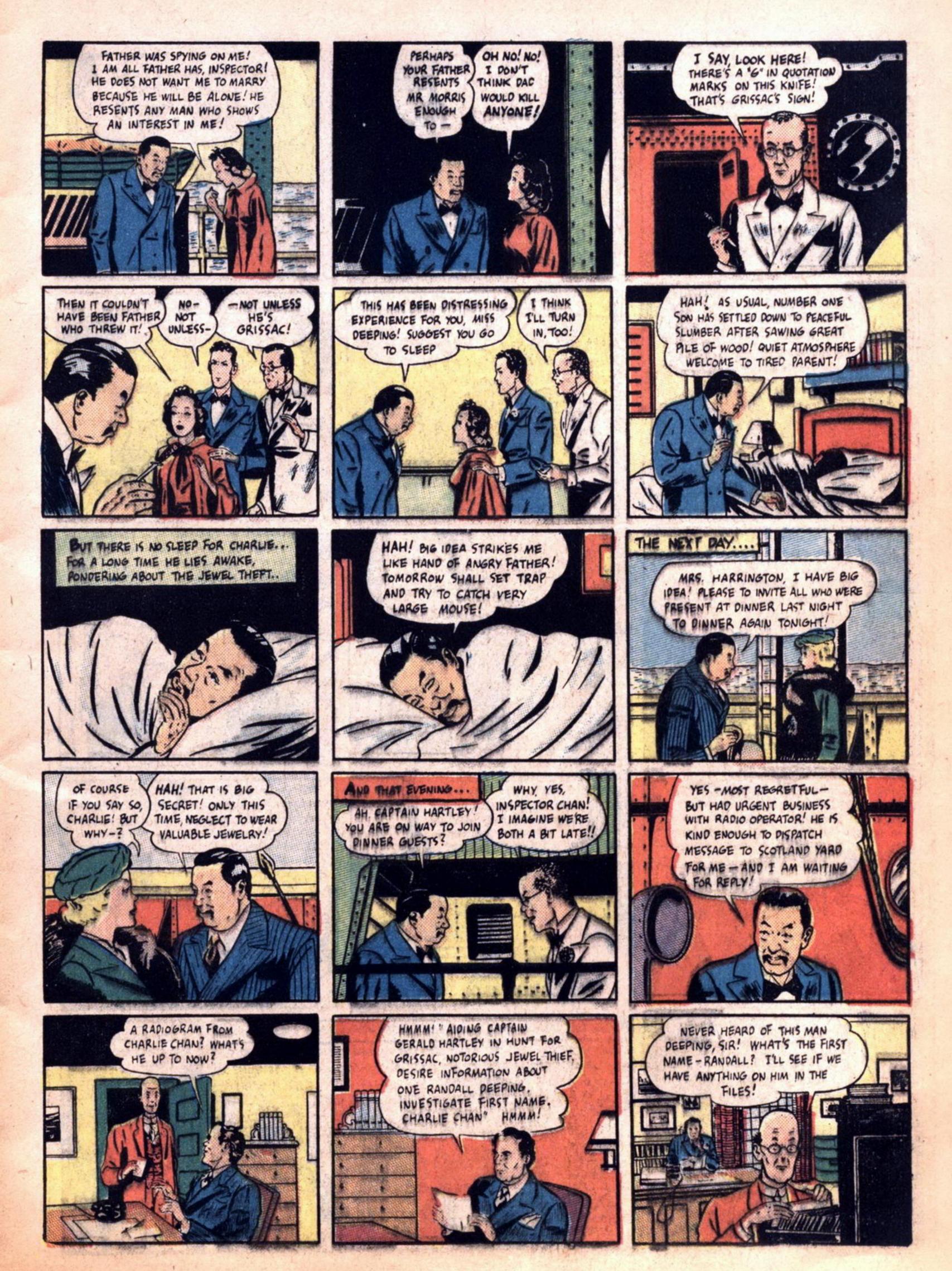












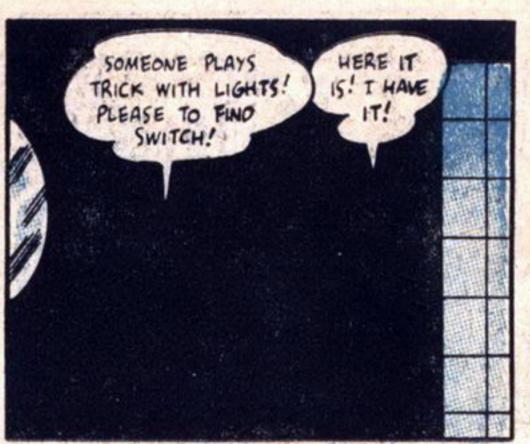




















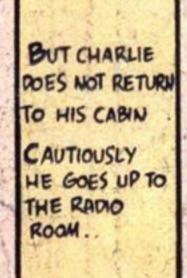










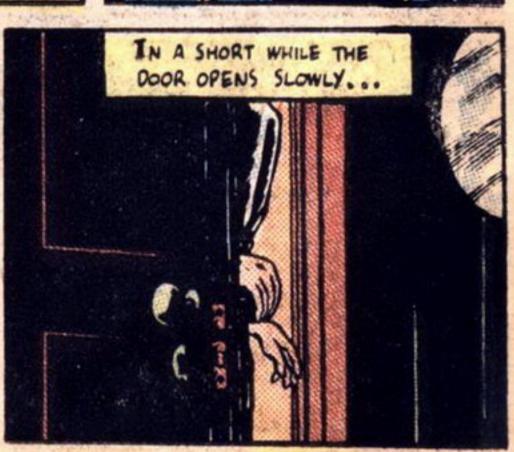


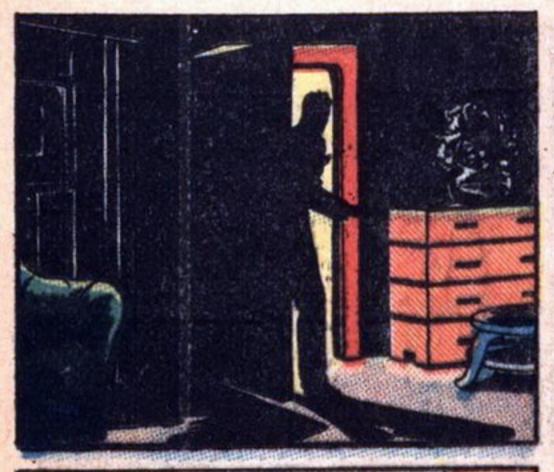




AFTER EVERYONE
LEAVES THE
LOUNGE ROOM
IN WHICH
CHARLIE CHAN'S
RADIO MESSAGE
IS HIDDEN
CHAN RETURNS
QUIETLY AND
HIDES IN THE
DARK ROOM...























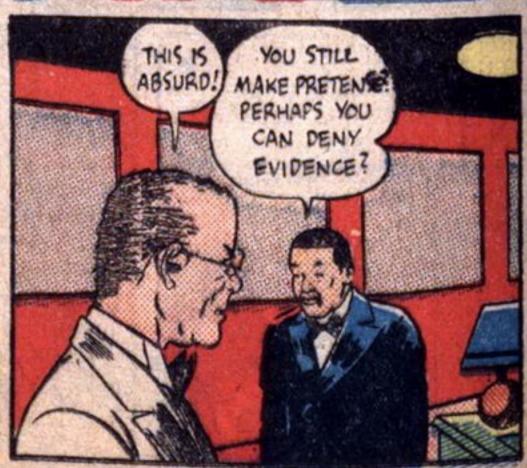






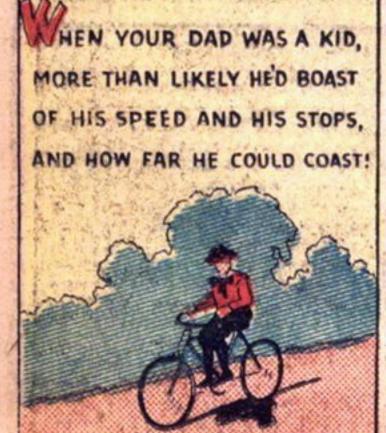












THAT HIS BIKE HAD A MORROWTHE COASTER-BRAKE LEADER.
THEN, NOW AND TOMORROW!



MORROW BRAKE PEDALS
EASIER AND STOPS BETTER,
THE PEOPLE THAT BUILD
MOST OF AMERICA'S AUTOMOBILE BRAKES DIRECT
THE MAKING OF MORROW
COASTER BRAKES.
THEY KNOW HOW!

OF BENDIX AVIATION CORP. 276 OAKWOOD DRIVE, ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

LALA PALOOZA









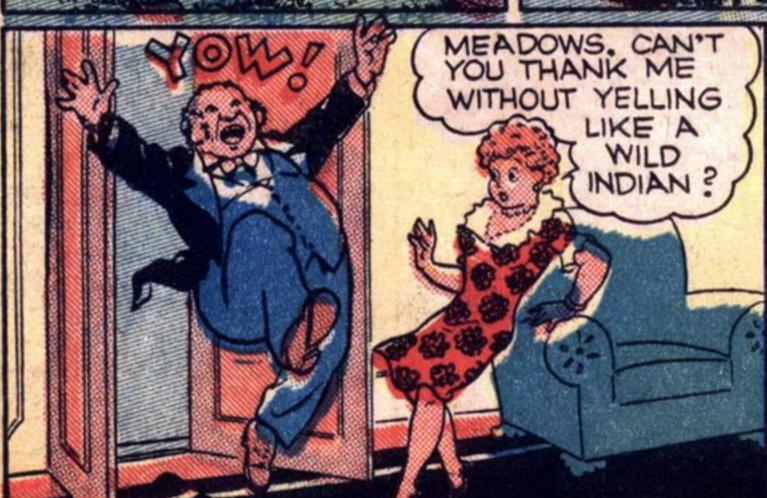








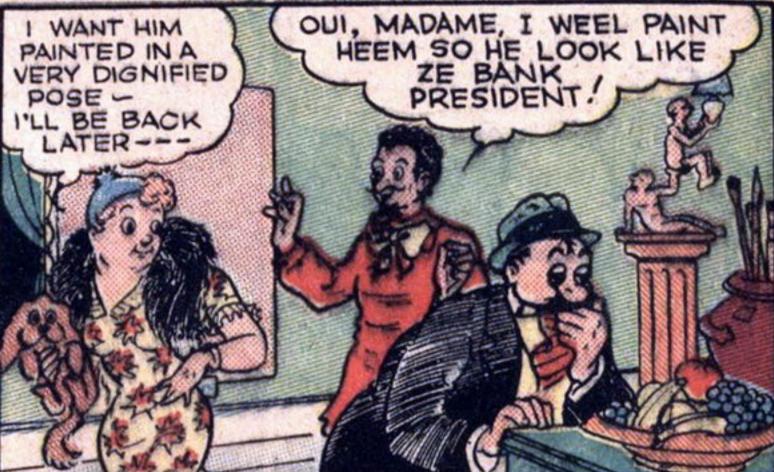


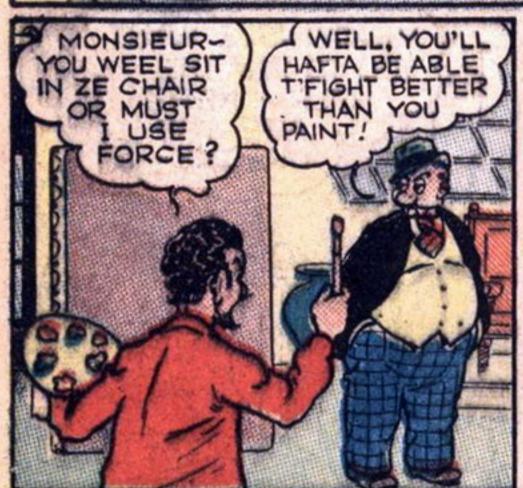




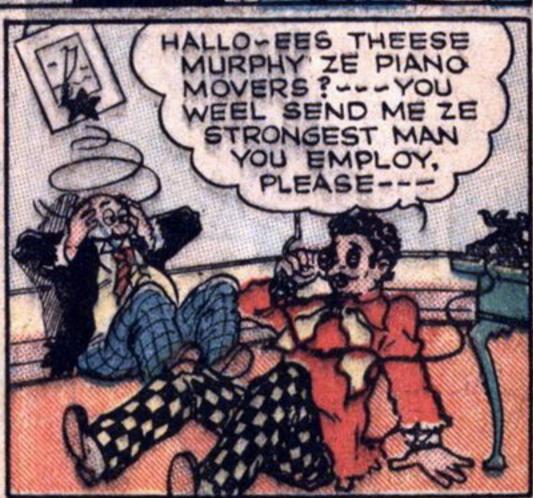
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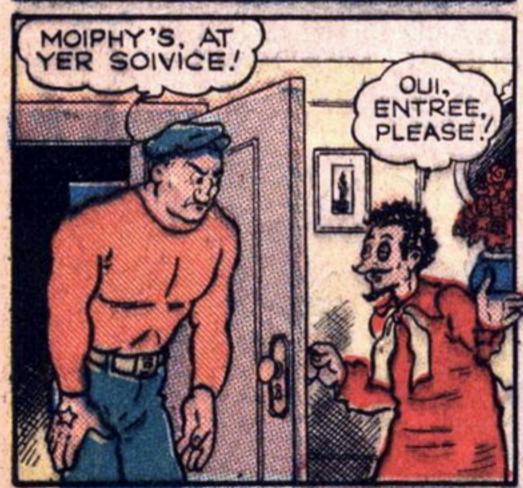








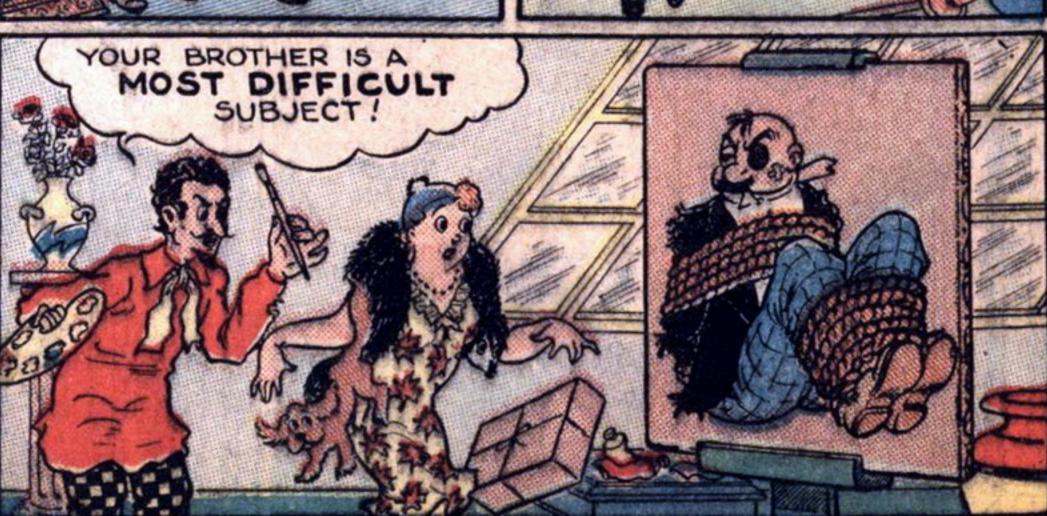




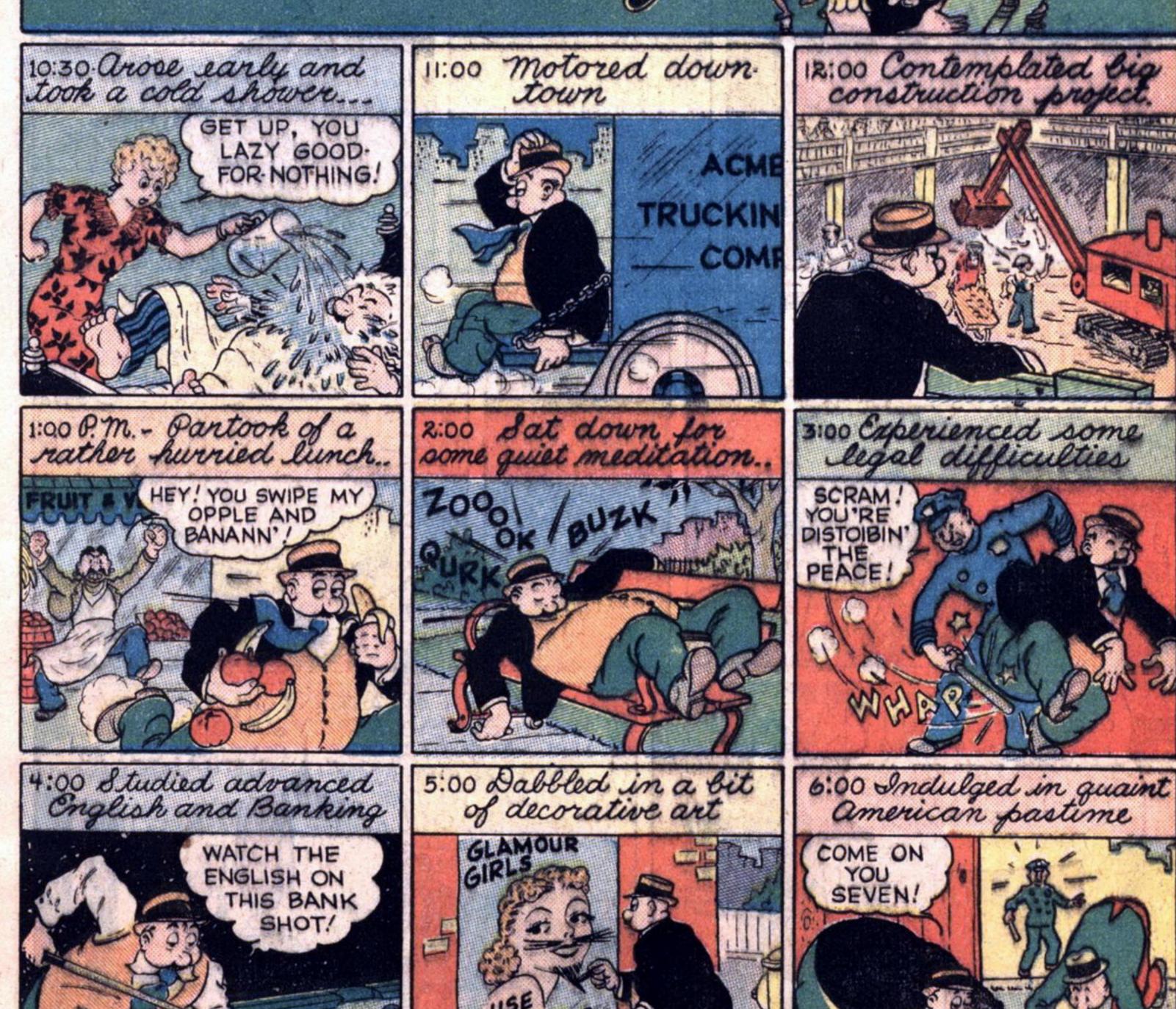


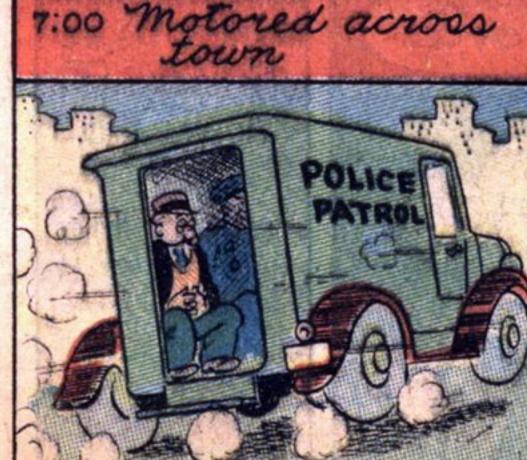






Cafa Parosa I NEVER WINCENT KEPT A DIARY



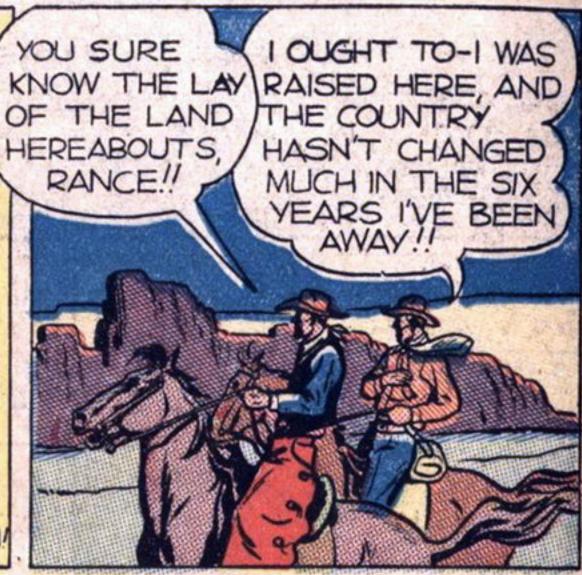






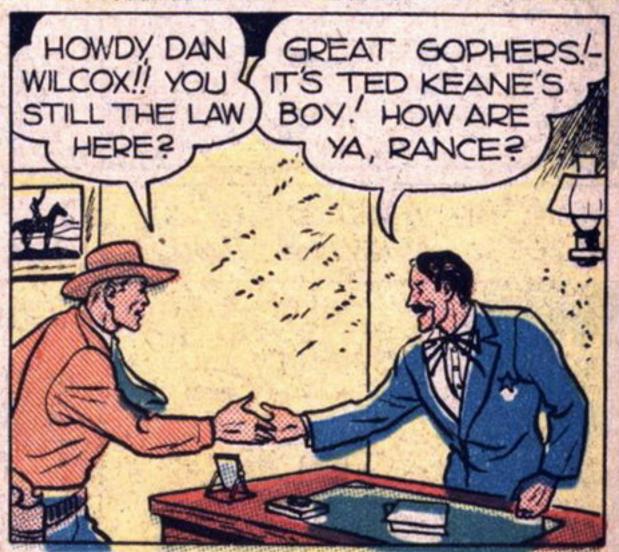


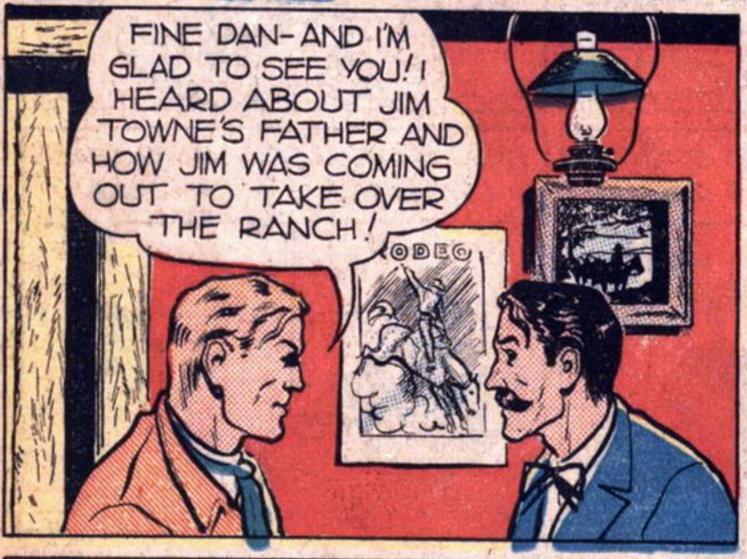
RANCE AND CHAPS ARE HEADED FOR THE TOWN OF WAGONWHEEL TO SEE JIM TOWNE, A BOYHOOD CHUM OF RANCES, WHOM HE HASN'T SEEN FOR SIX YEARS. JIM HAD BEEN AT SCHOOL IN THE EAST WHEN HIS FATHER'S SUDDEN DEATH MADE IT NECESSARY FOR HIM TO COME AND TAKE OVER THE RANCH

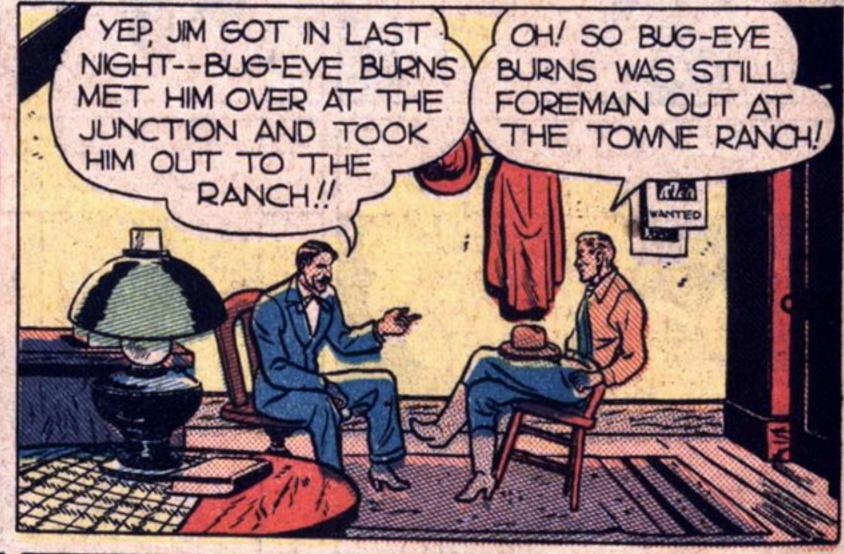




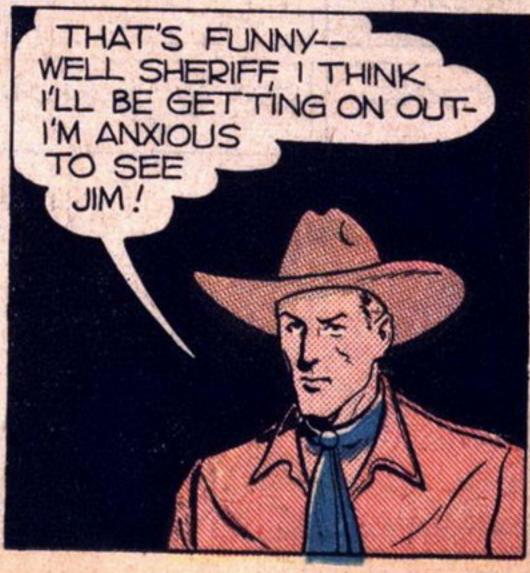
ON ENTERING THE OFFICE RECOGNIZES THE STERVER WESTERNER BEHIND THE





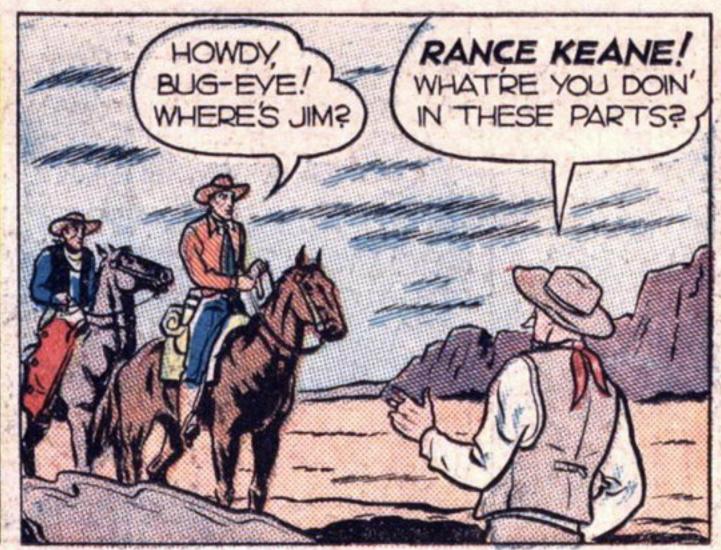




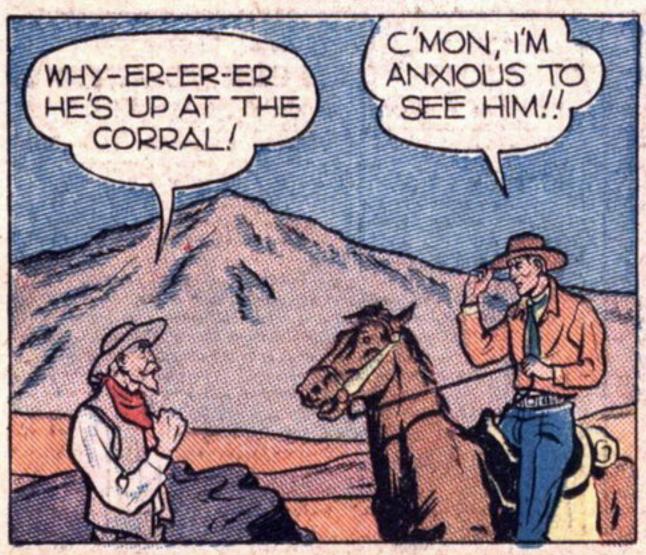


RANCE TAKES TAKES LEAVED AND A SERVICE SOLUTIONS AND A SERVICE AND A SER

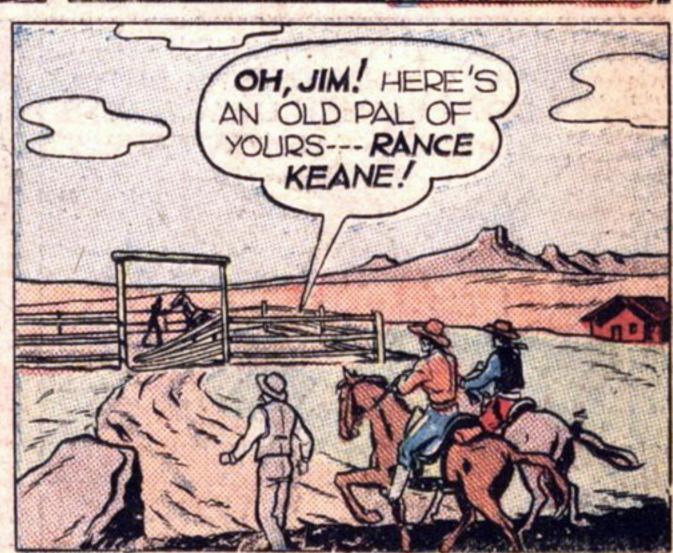
AS THEY
APPROACH
THE RANCH SEES
A FIGURE
WHOM HE
RECOGNIZES
AS BURNES
AS BUR

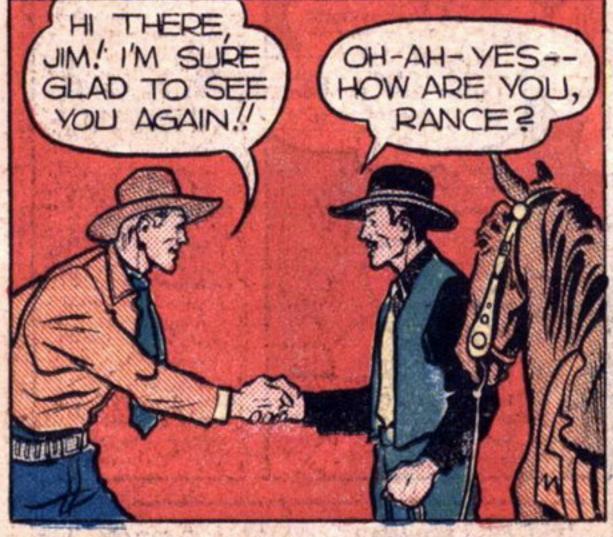


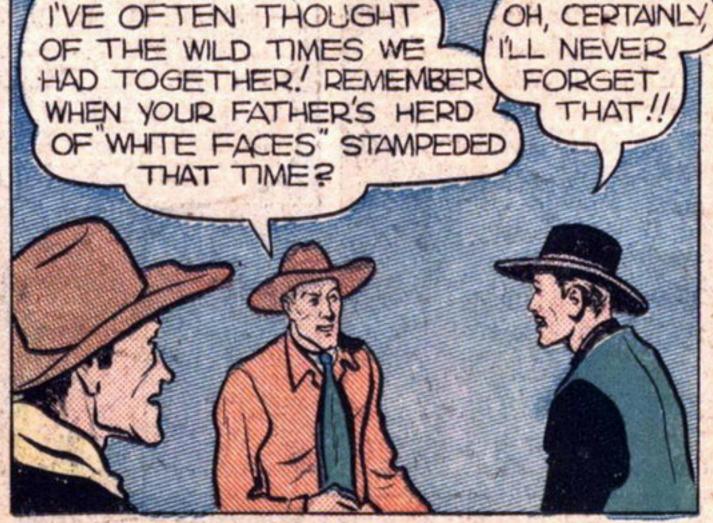




AS THEY
APPROACH
THE CORRAL
BUG-EYE
YELLS OUT
TO JIM--

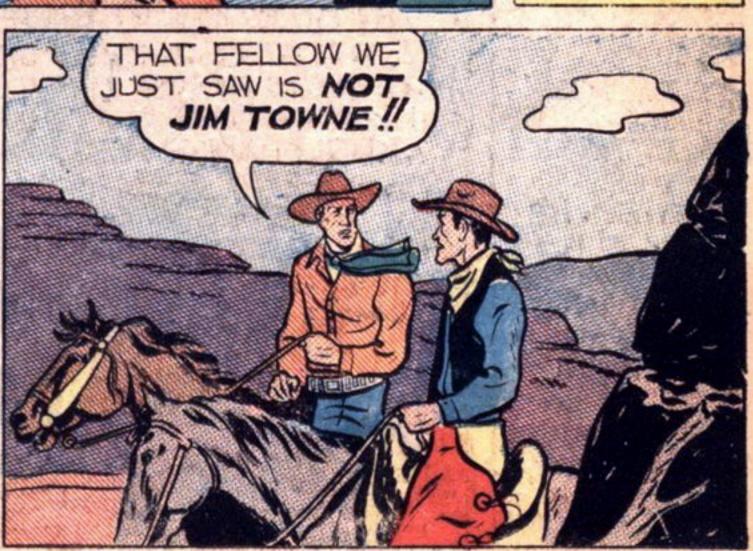




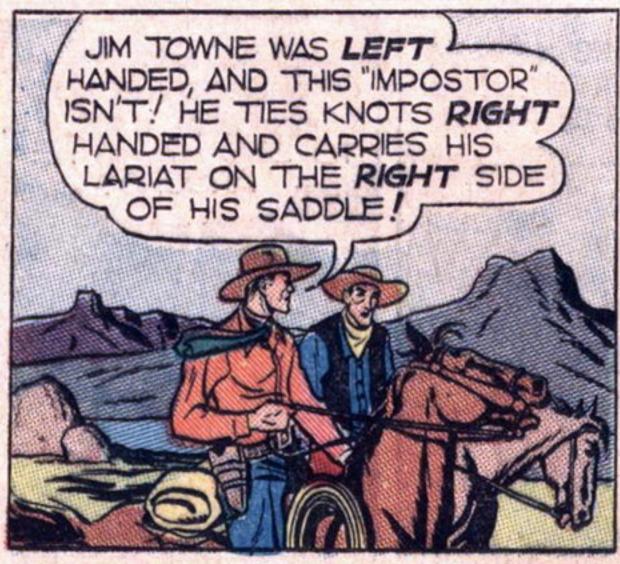


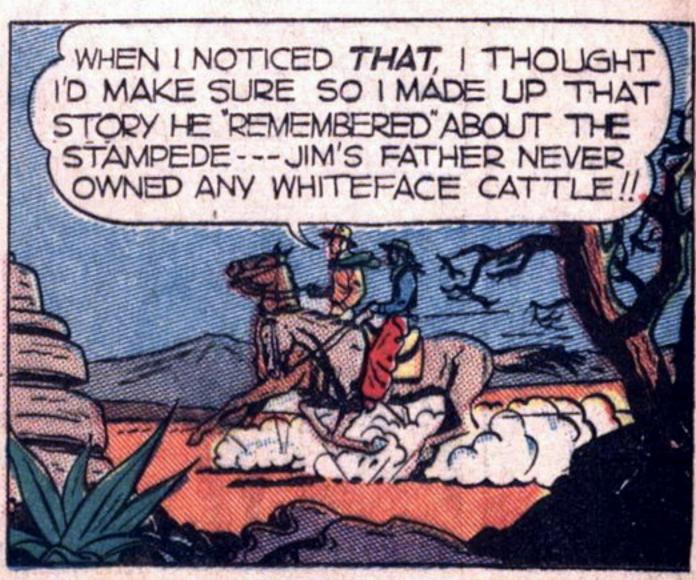
SHORT ON SHORT ON SHORT ON SEXTON ON

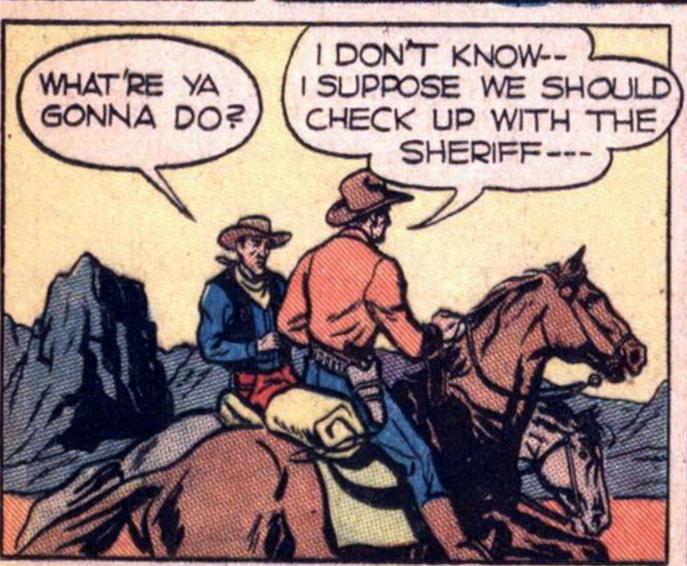




RANCE'S WAR STAR STAR AND STAR

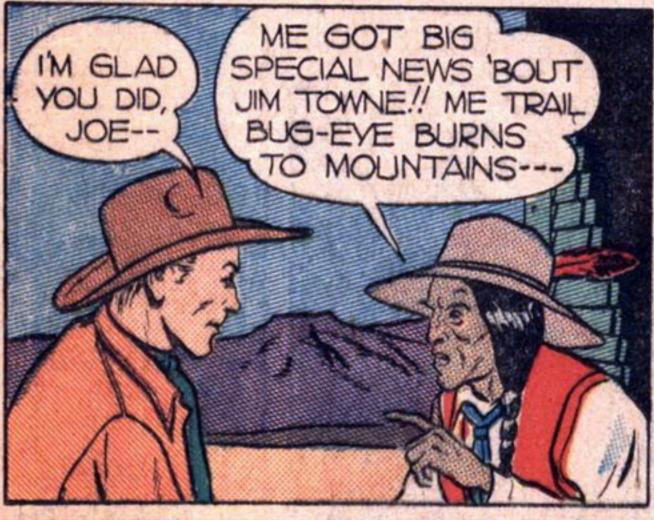






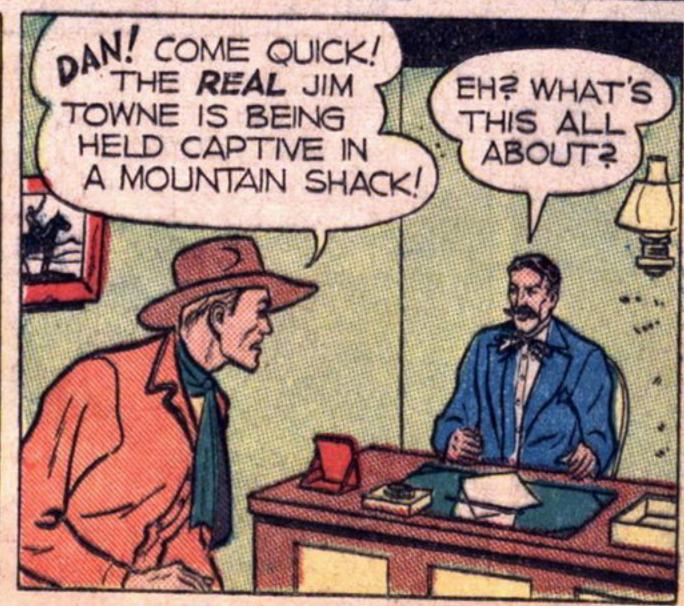
RANGE AND FOR STATE OF A SELECTION O

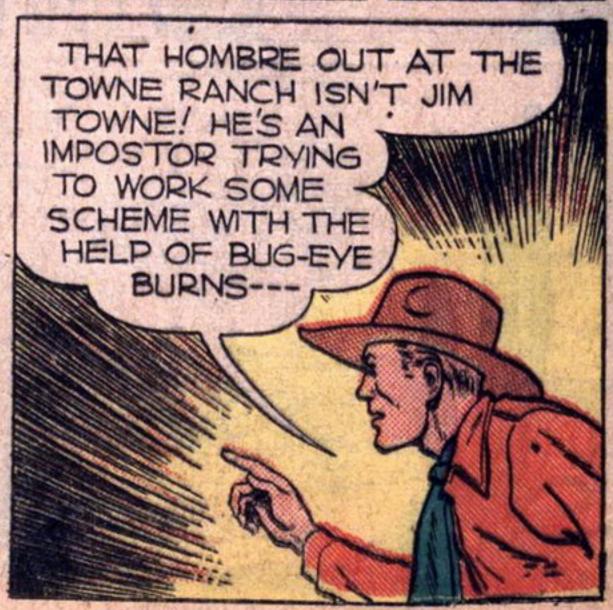


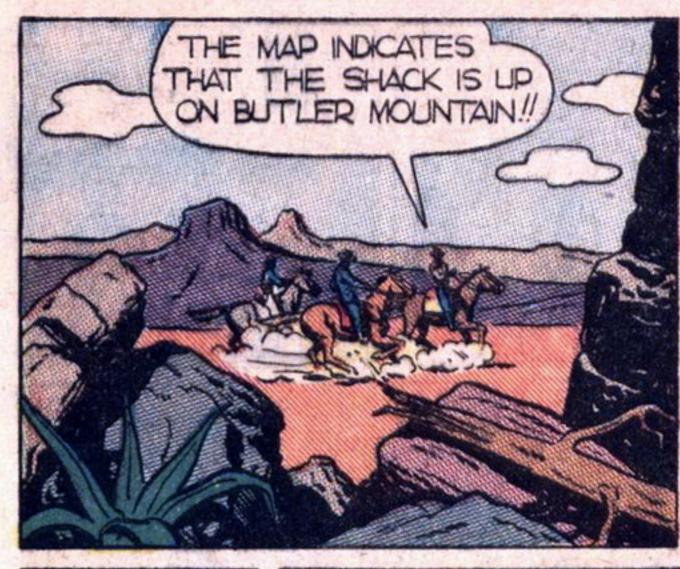




PACE THAN SOLL STANDS OF THE S





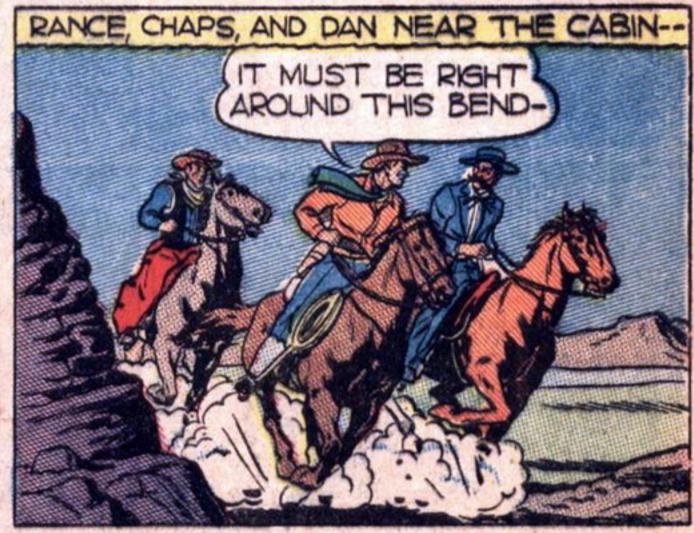


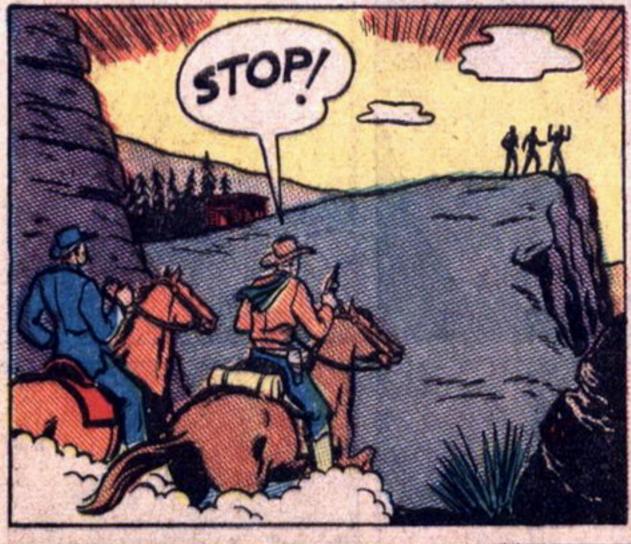
MEANWHILE, THE SWINDLESS SELECTION OF THE ACK. THE SWINDLESS SELECTION OF THE ACK. T

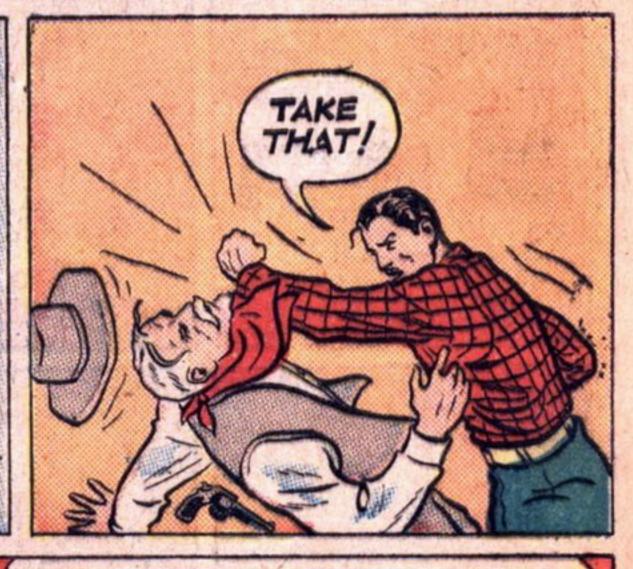


THEY MARCH JIM AT THE POINT OF A GUN TO THE EDGE OF A CLIFF---

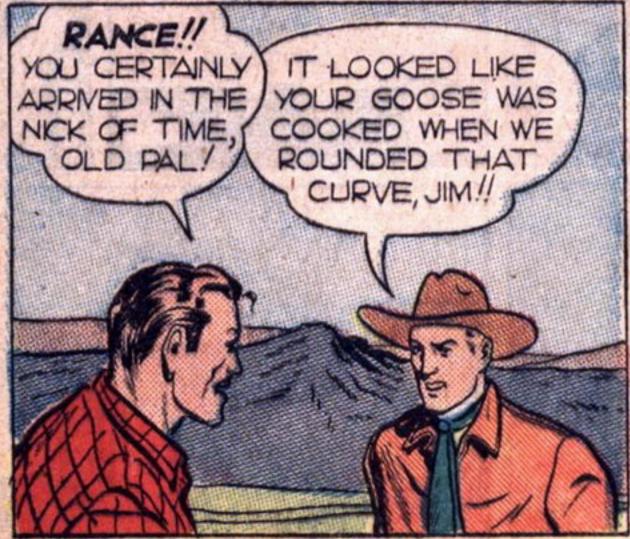


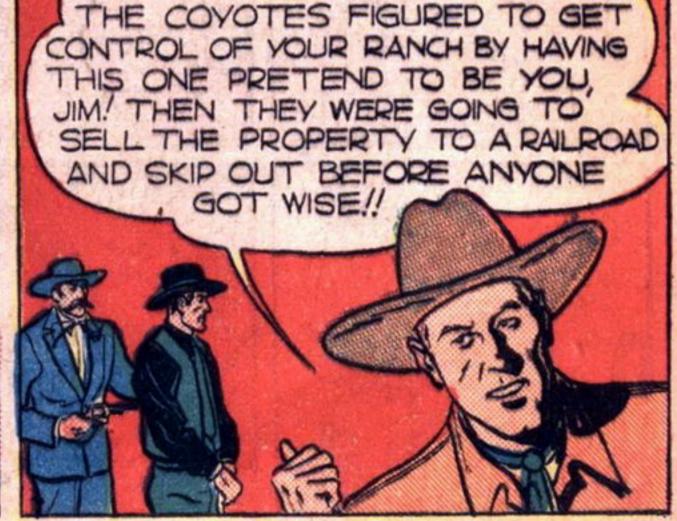


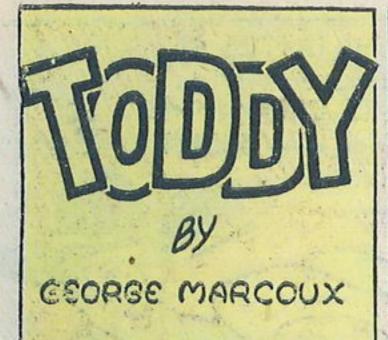




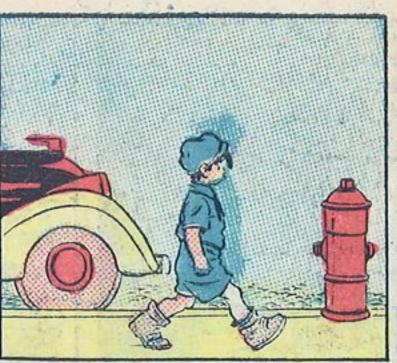
WITH BUG-EYE UNCONSCIOUS, THE OTHER OTHER OUTLAW SURRENDERS













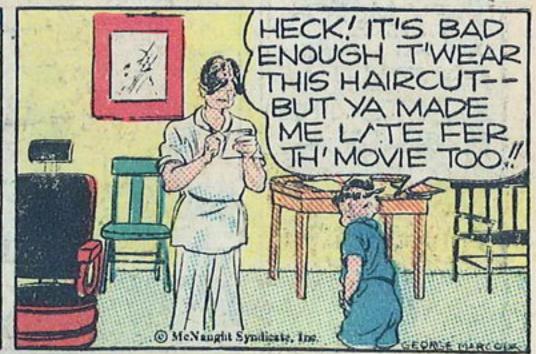








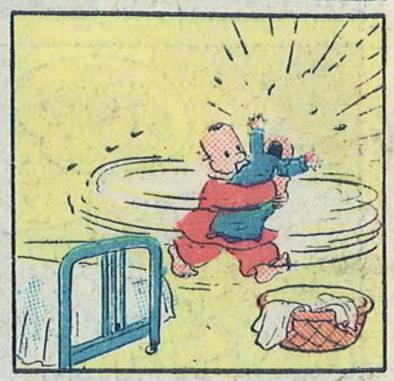




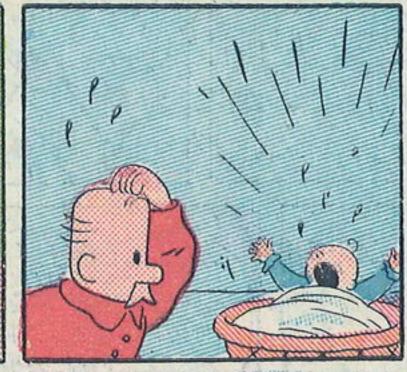






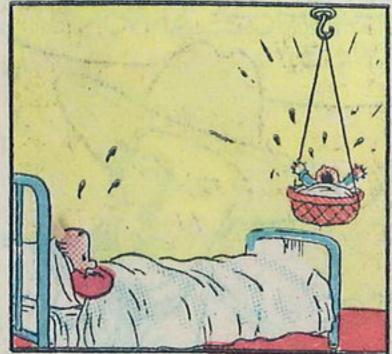


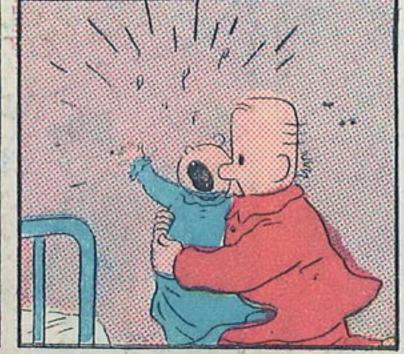


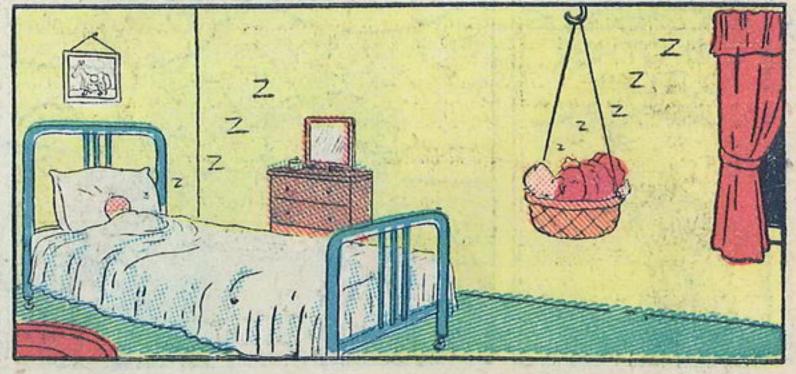


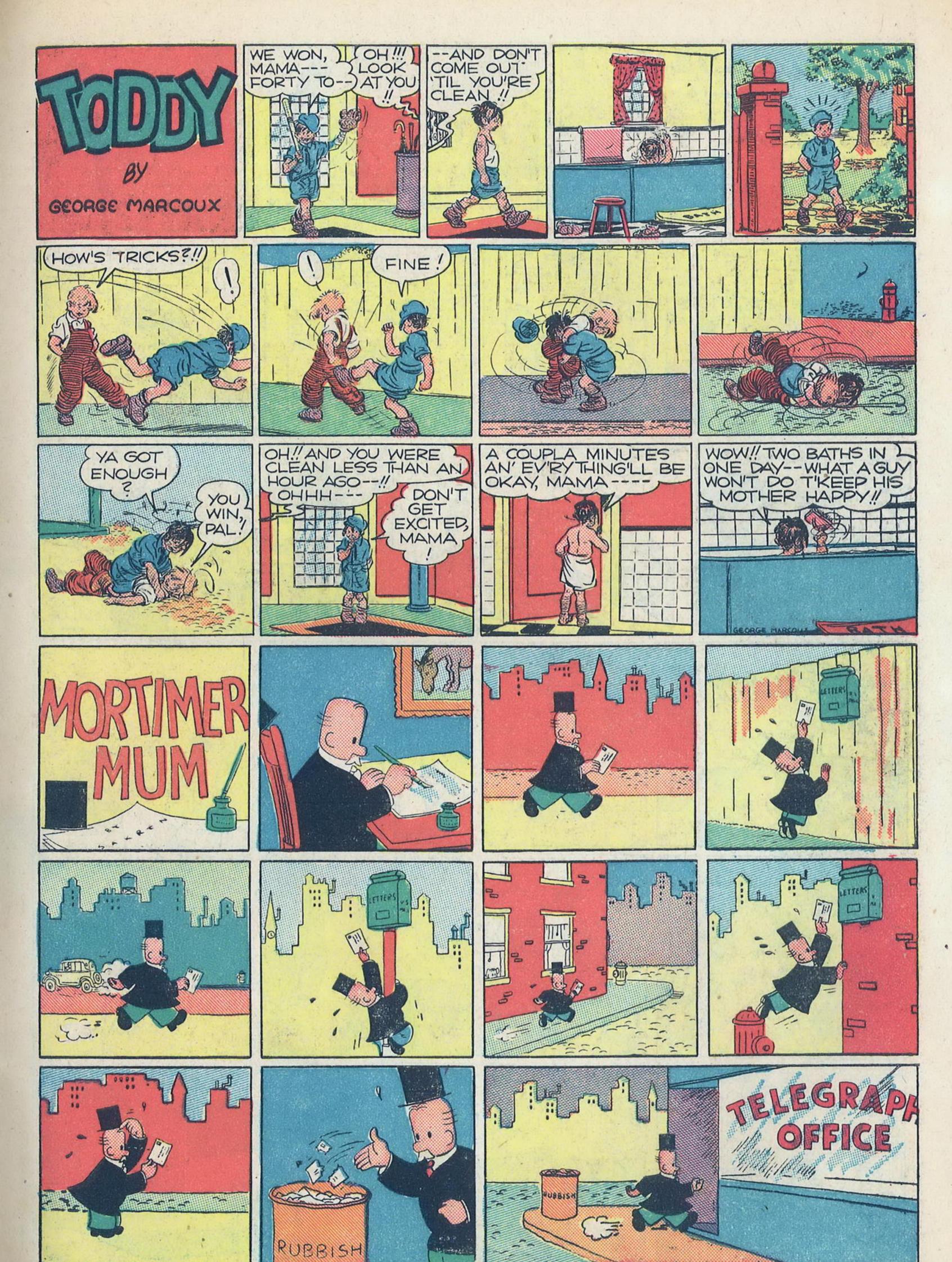












Follow Toddy and Mortimer Mum in the October issue—on sale August 30th.



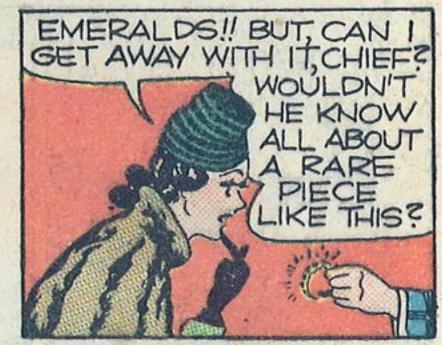




















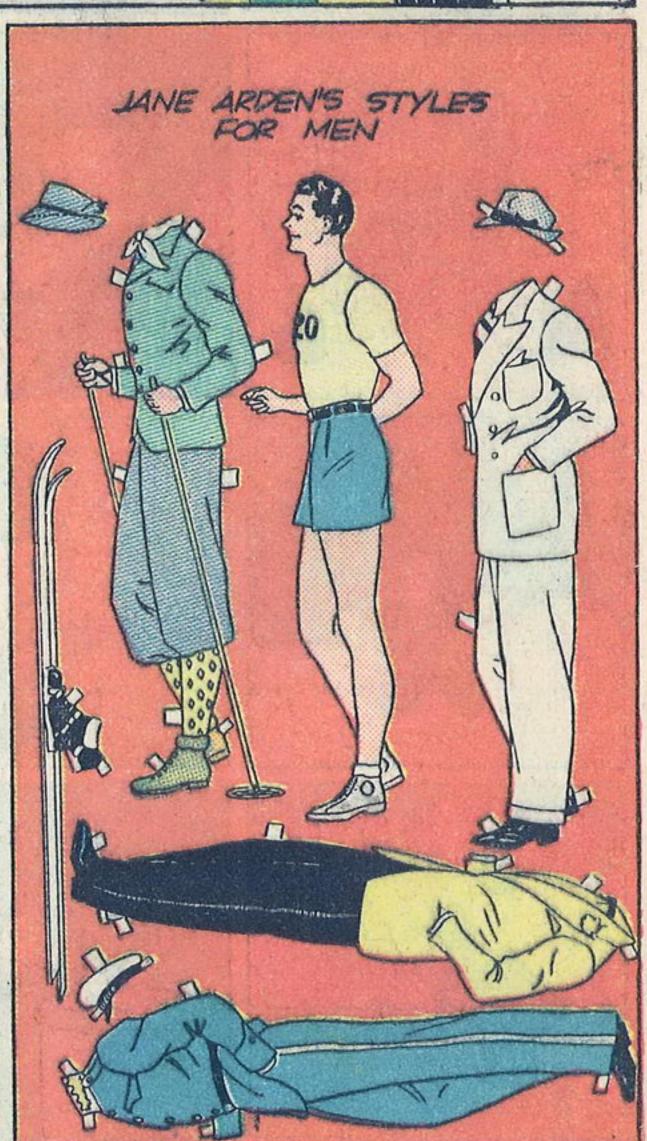














































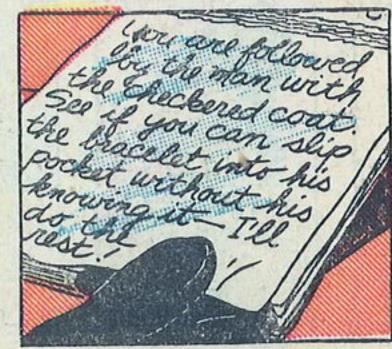
























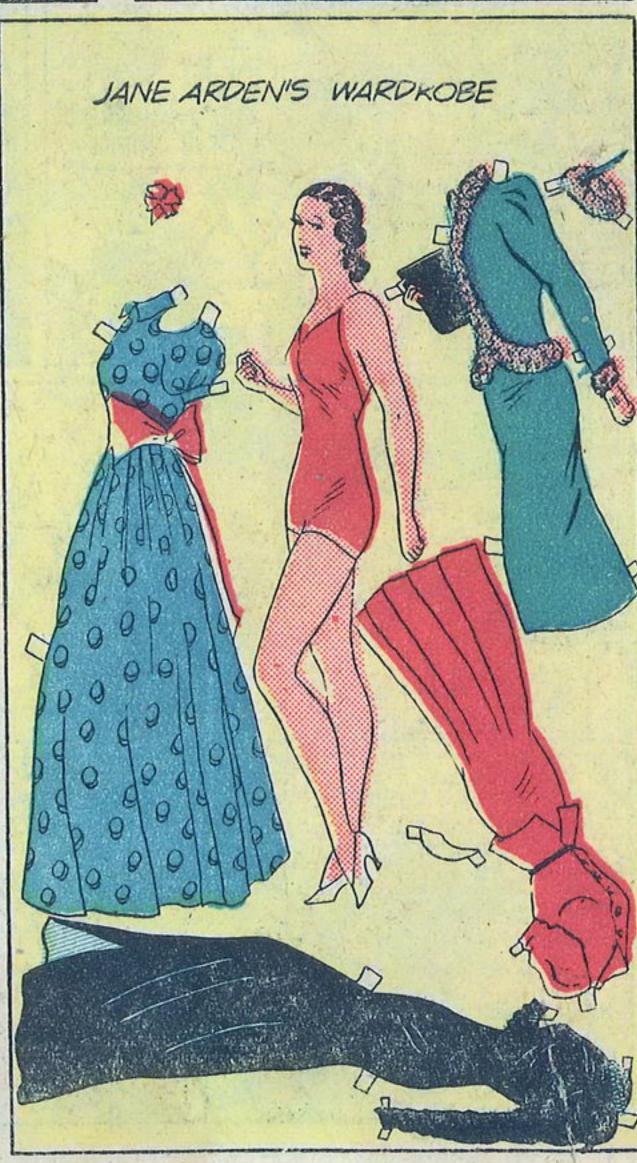


































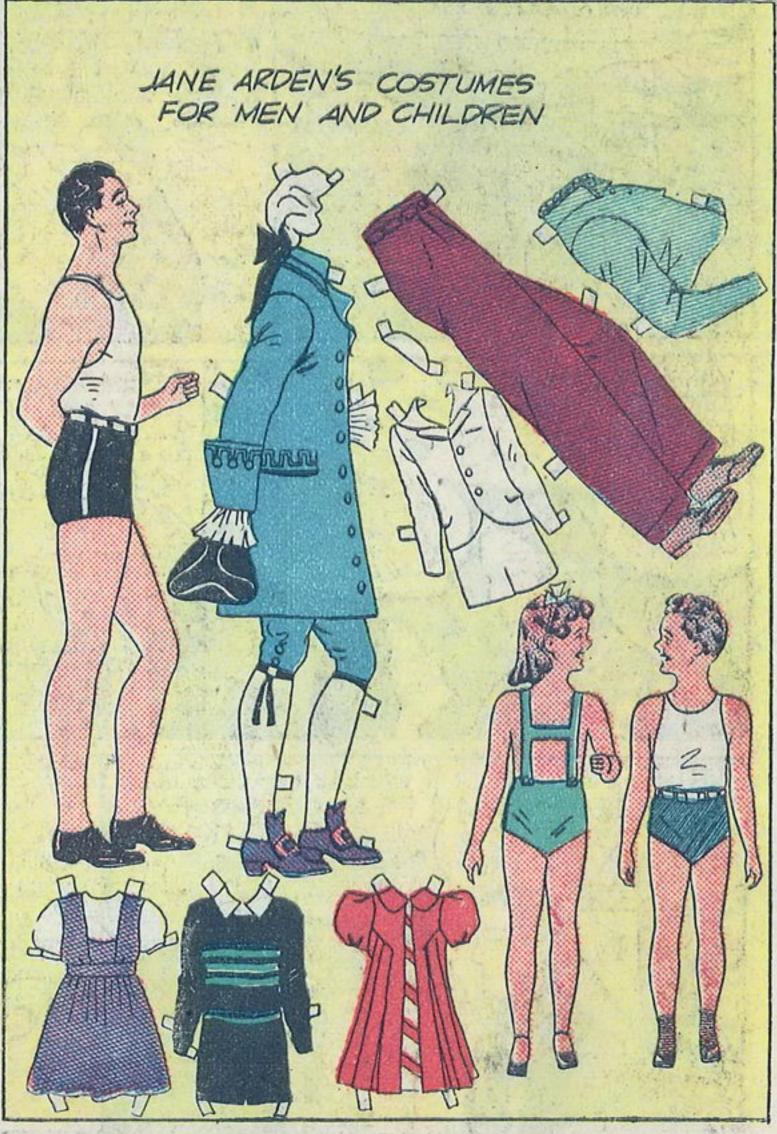












Jane Aiden is continued in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale August & 7th.





HMM--THE ARTICLE SAYS--IT'S GRAND TO KNOW THAT JEFF
BANGS GOT BACK MOST OF THAT
STOLEN MONEY---WHAT WILL
JEFF DO TO THE CROOKED
FOWLER WHEN HE
GETS WELL? THE
CIRCUS IS ON ITS
WAY TO WINTER
QUARTERS IN
FLORIDA"

LISTEN, HUGO--THIS
MAGAZINE CLIPPING
SAYS--"IF THERE
WERE MORE GOOD
MANAGERS LIKE JEFF
BANGS CIRCUS LIFE
WOULD BE HAPPIER!"



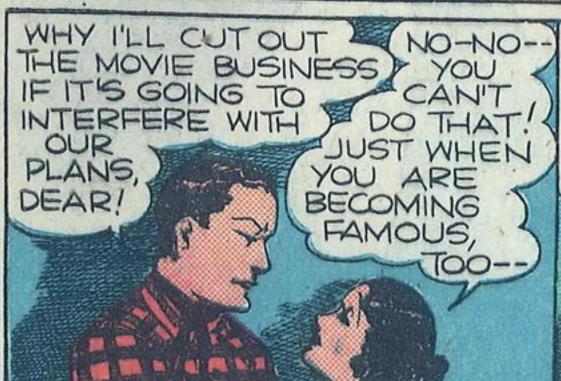
AND LET'S HAVE THE CEREMONY IN THE CEREMONY IN THE WITH ALL THE TROUPERS OUR GUESTS --- OHH, HAL!





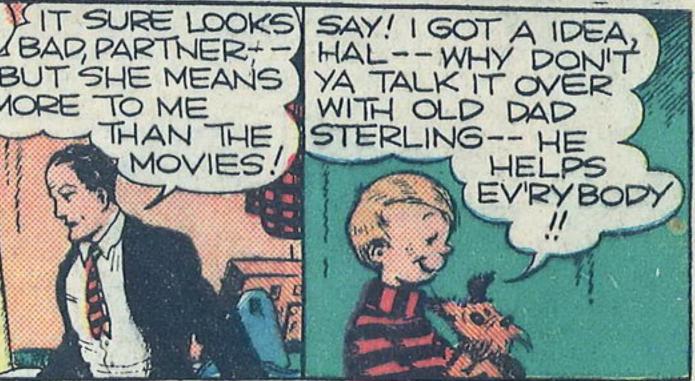
BUT MY CONTRACT
FORBIDS ME TO
MARRY WHILE
I'M SIGNED
UP WITH
THEM
THEM





GOSH, HAL--MYRA IT SURE LOOKS
TOLD ME THAT BAD, PARTNER+TH' MOVIES BUT SHE MEANS
WOULD KEEP MORE TO ME
YA FROM BEIN'
MARRIED THIS
YEAR!

YEAR!





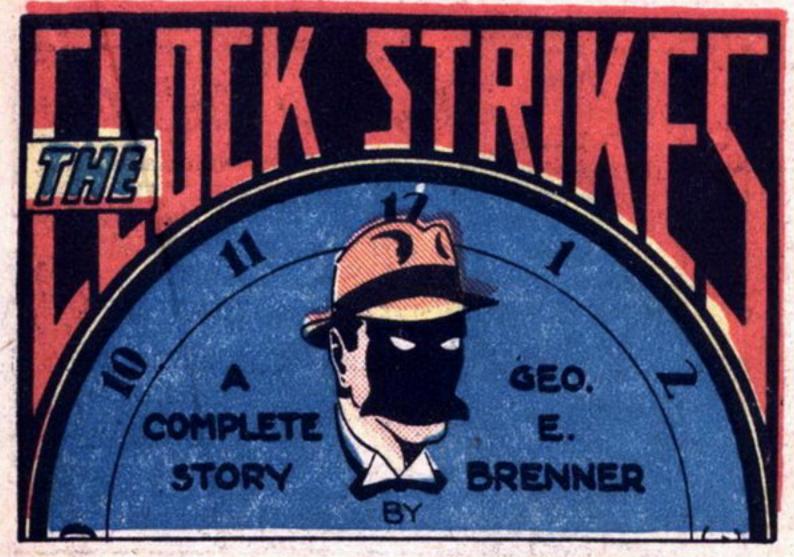
OF YOUR CONTRACTIF THEY WON'T, TAKE
MYRA RIGHT TO
HOLLYWOOD WITH
YOU AND EXPLAIN
IT TO
THEM-



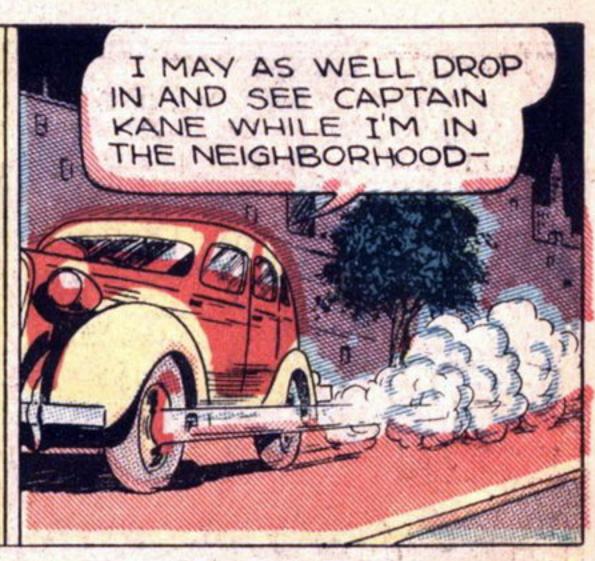


Big Top is continued in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale August 30th.





BRIAN, O'BRIAN O'BRIAN O'BRIAN O'BRIAN O'BRIAN O'BRIAN OF THE CHICK OF A DRIVE OF A DRIVE

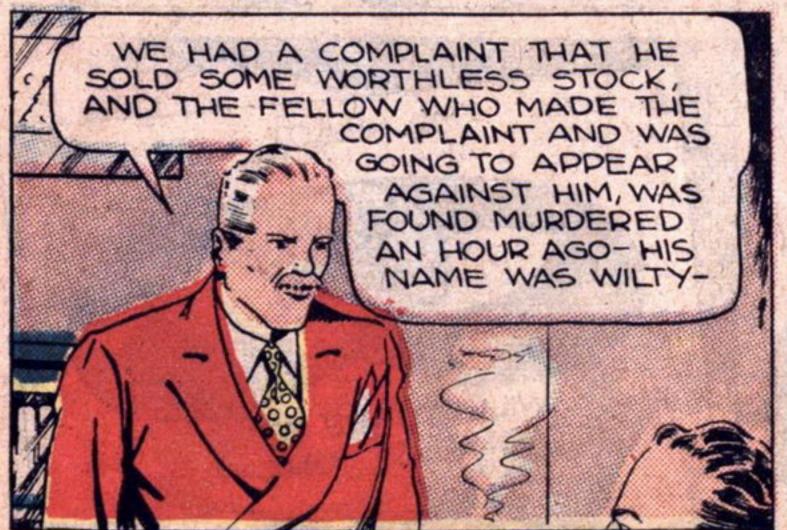








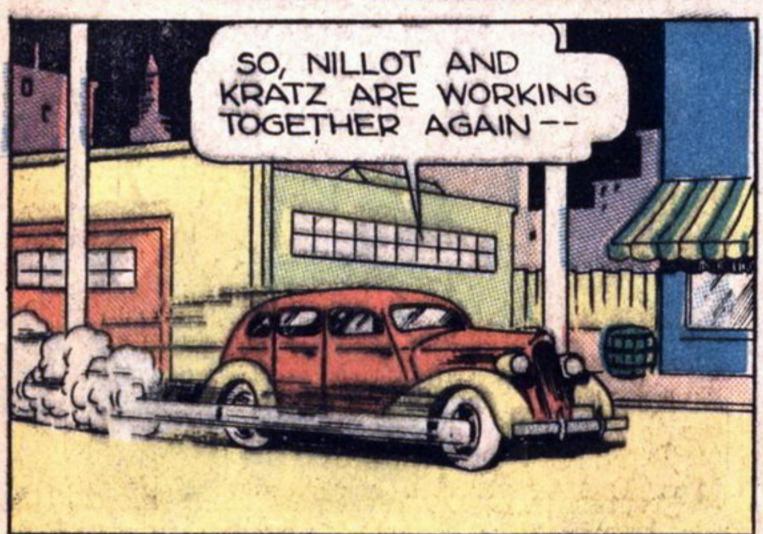






















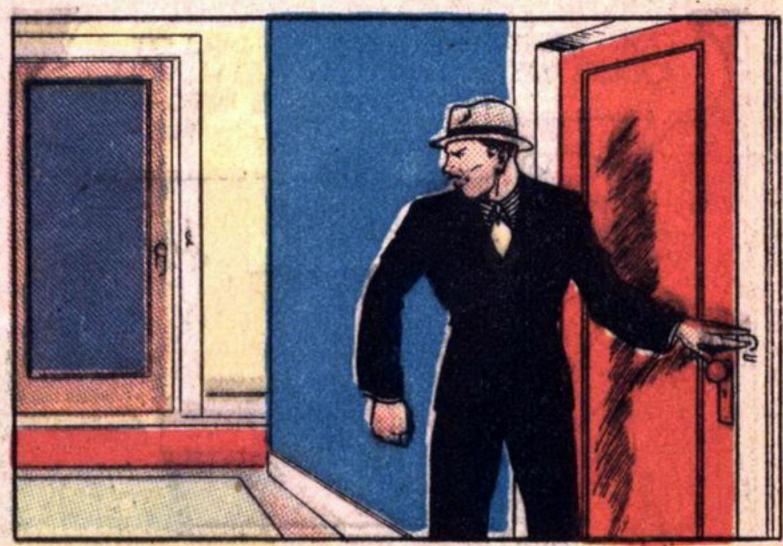






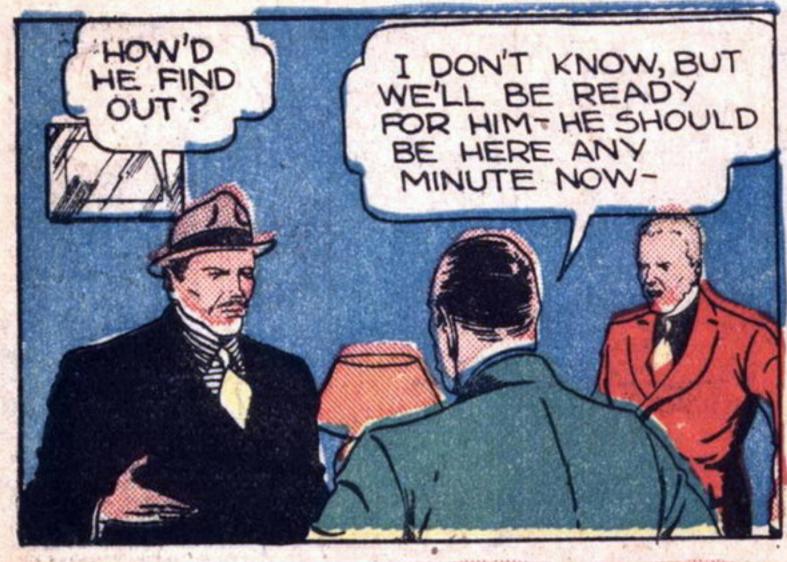










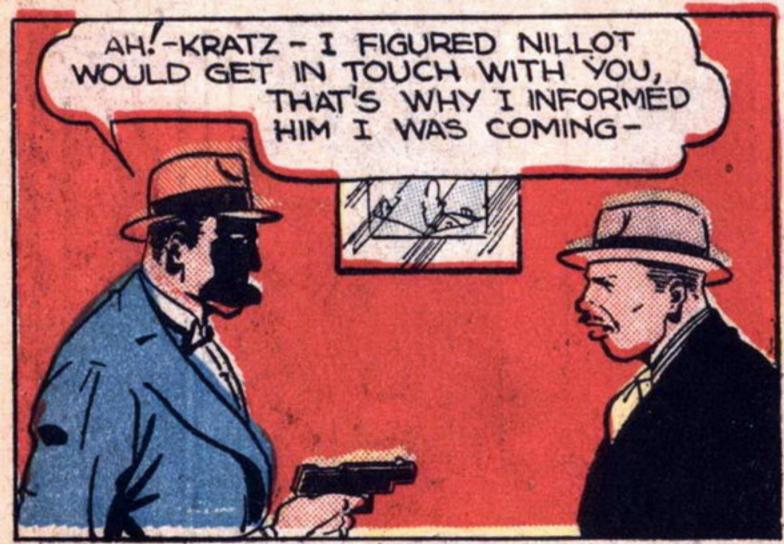








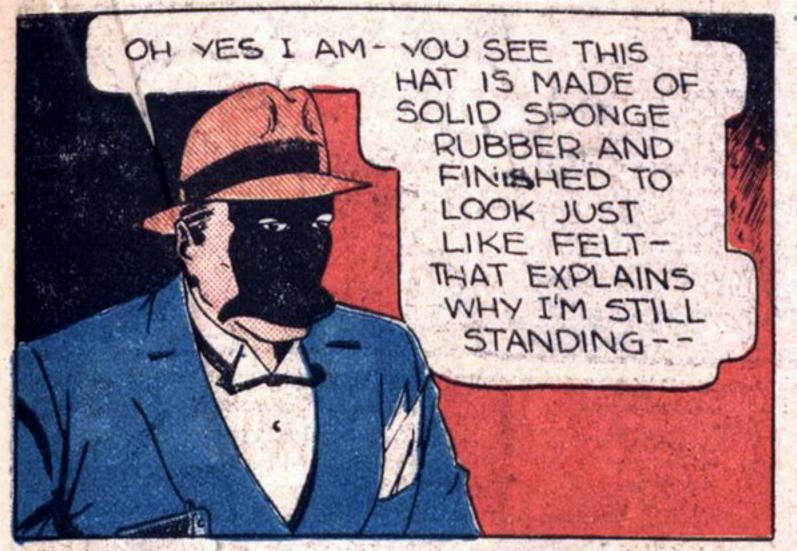






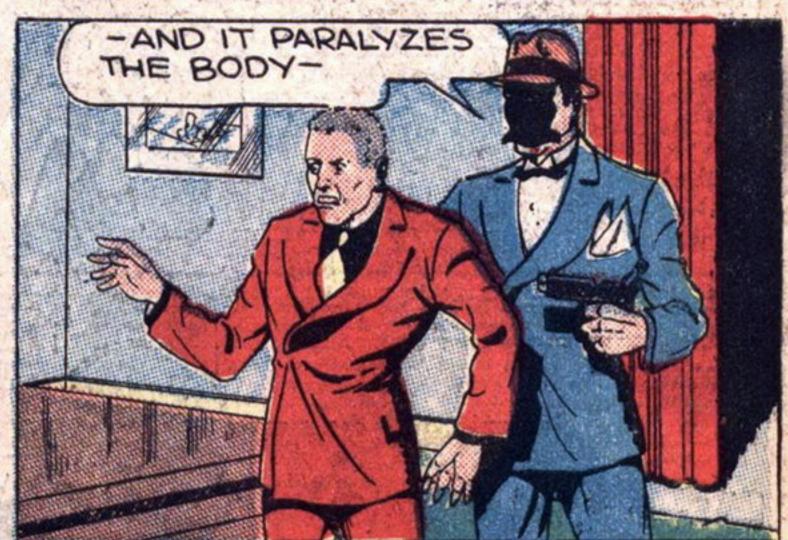














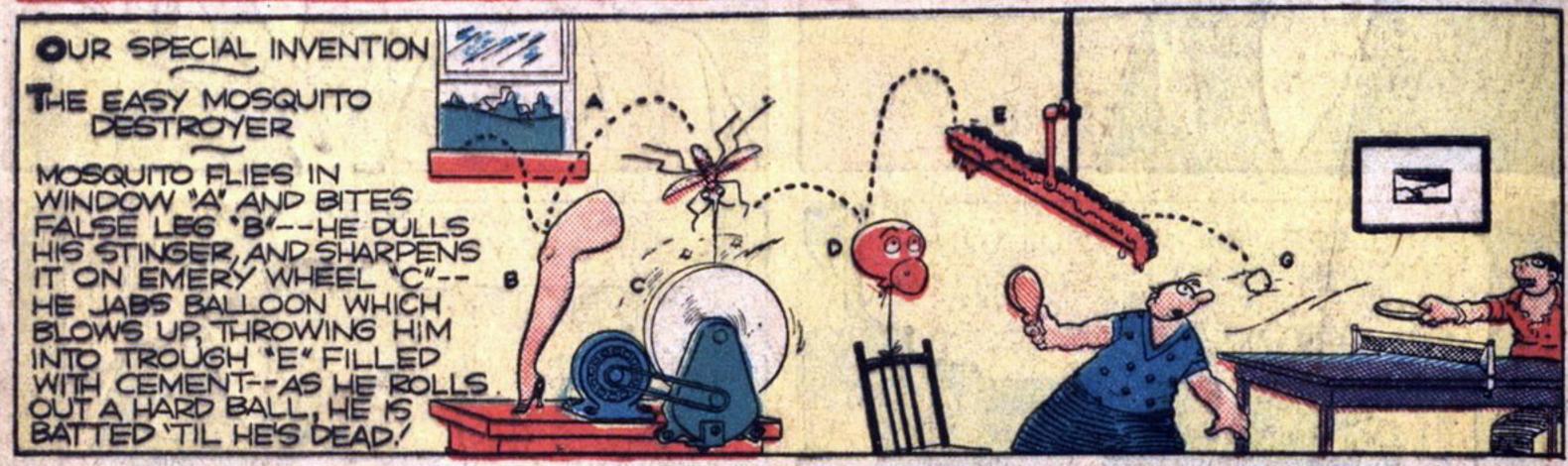






Another episode of The Clock in the October issue—on sale August 30th.













ME!



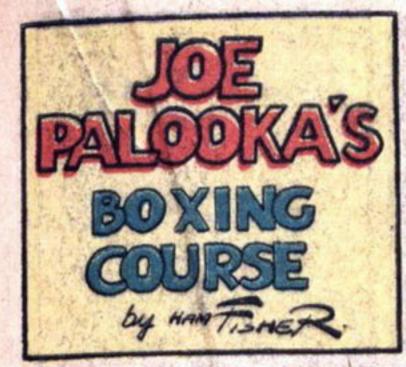
AS A CHILD HORACE ABERCROMBIE POTTLE, HOWLED WITH GLEE WHEN THEY GAVE WHEN THEY GAVE

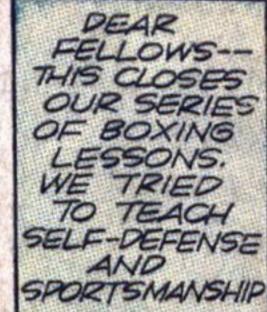


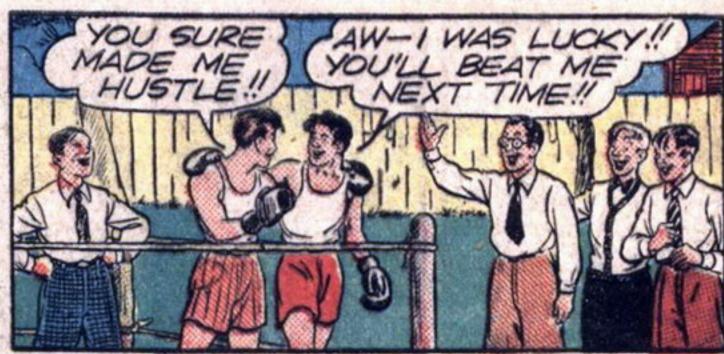
WHEN THEY HANDED
THE BOTTLE TO TINY
OVER HE PUSHED IT AWAY,
HE HATED THE STUFF

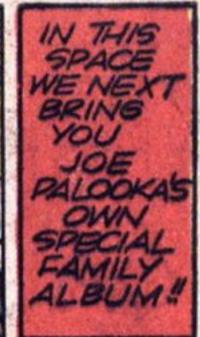








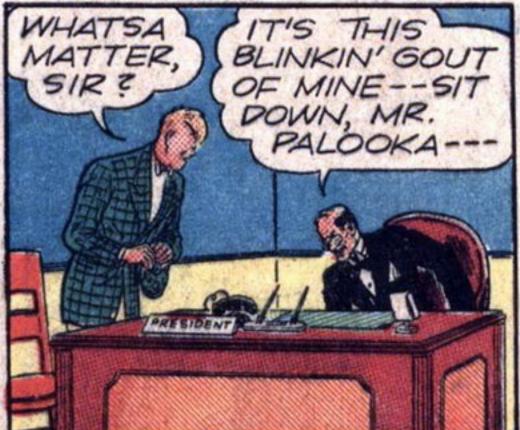




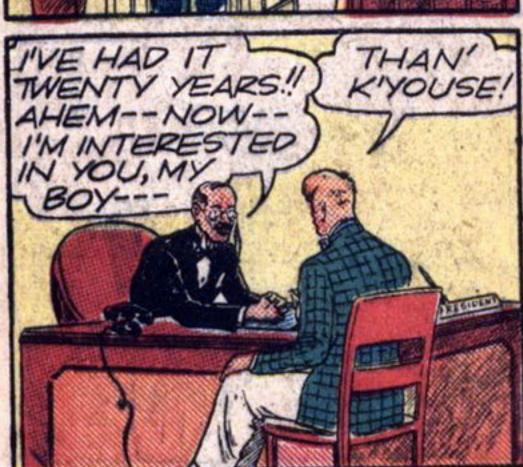
JOE PALOOKA

MENTEUPS STORIOGE IN BY HAM FISHER





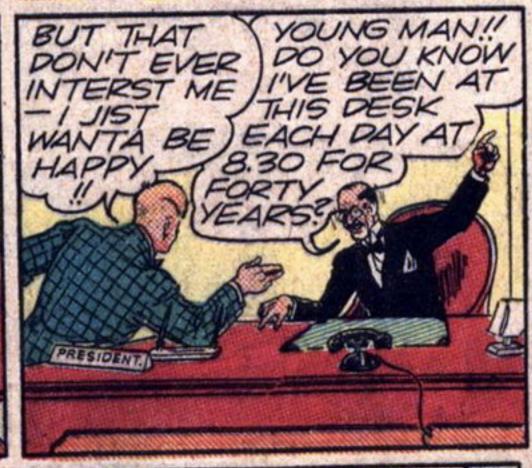










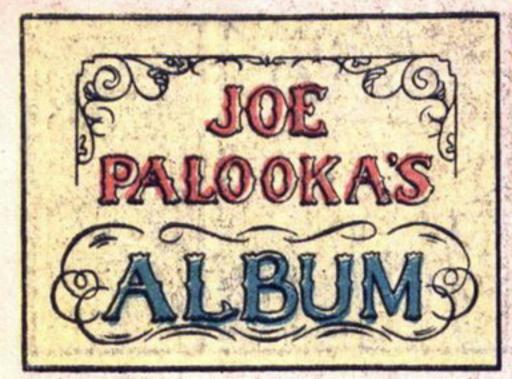










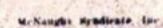


DEAR KIDS-WHY DON'T
YOUSE KEEP
A ALBUM
LIKE MINE,
WHICH WAS
STARTED BY
MY GRAN'PAIT'S LOTSA
FUN T'LOOK
AT SOMETIMES---

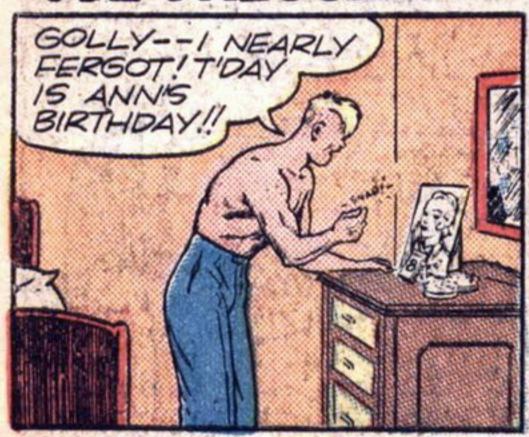


THIS HERE IS
THE FIRST REAL
PITCHER I WAS
FOUR MONTHS
FOUR MONTHS
OLD---- I THINK
DRESS BABIES
FOR PITCHERS,
DON'T YOU?

JOE PALOOKA

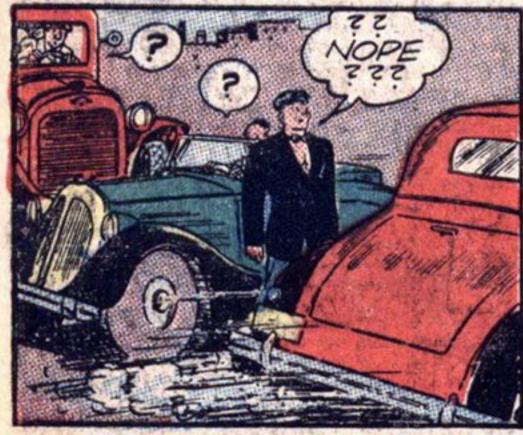


By HAM FISHER



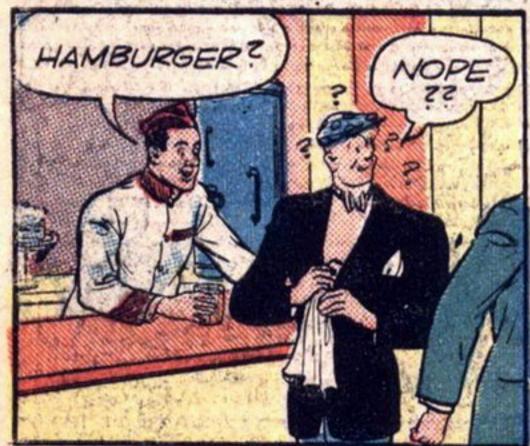




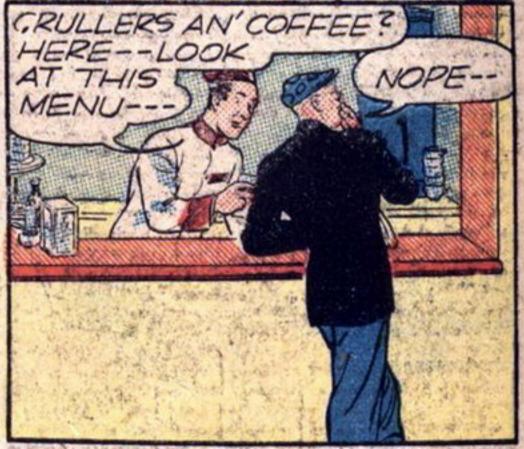




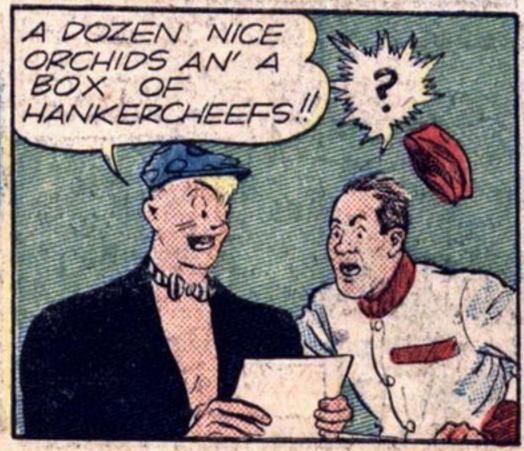




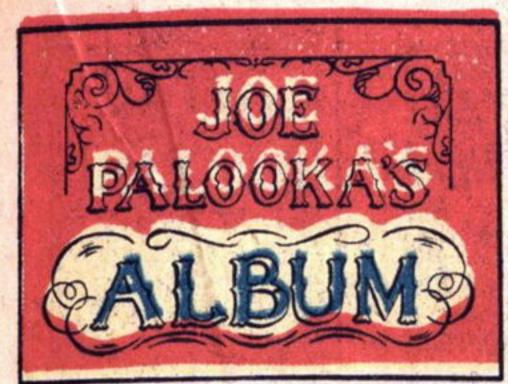






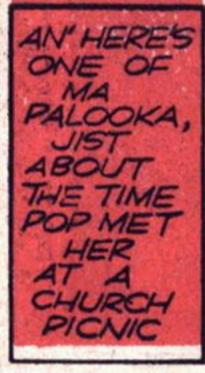






THIS IS POP PALOOKA WHEN WAS OLD TO WORK -- ONLY HE NEVER DID!



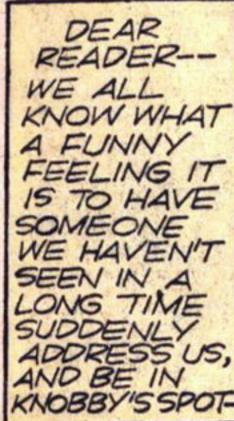




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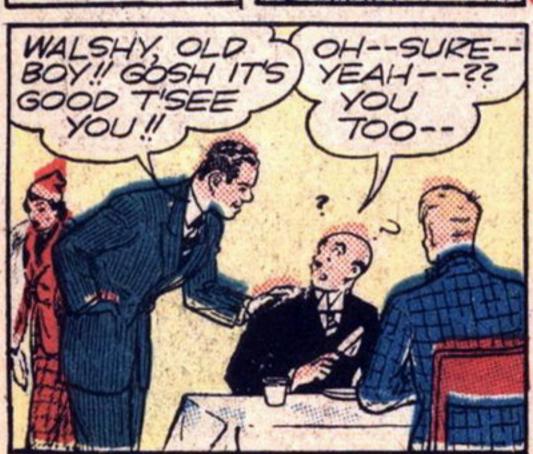
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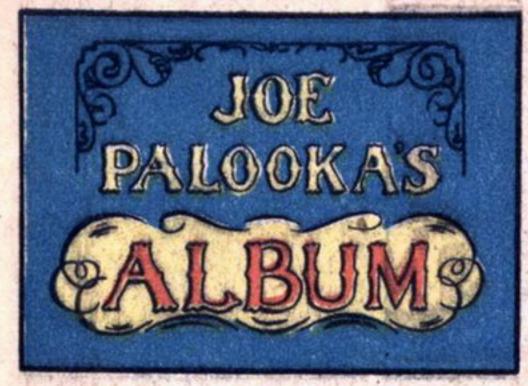


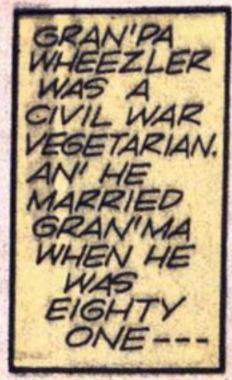














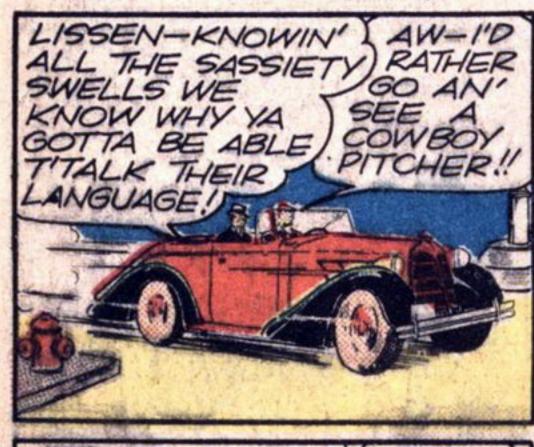




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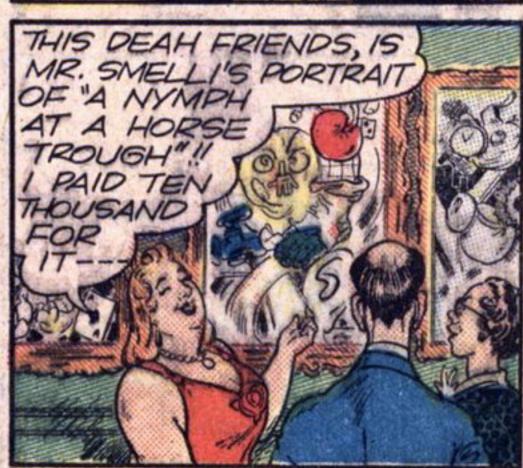
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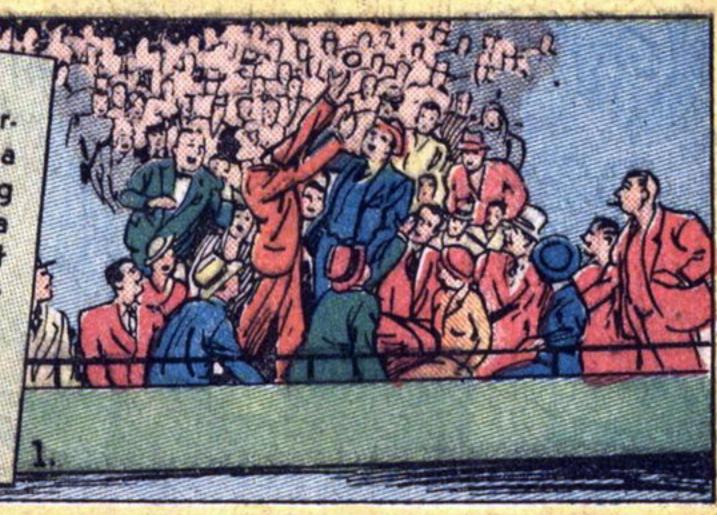


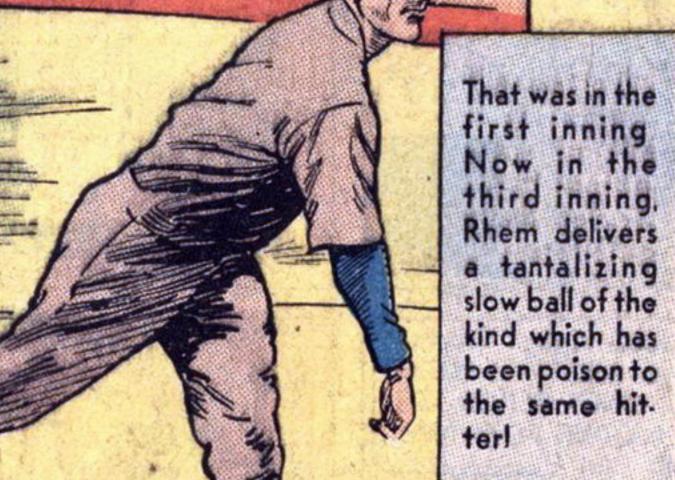


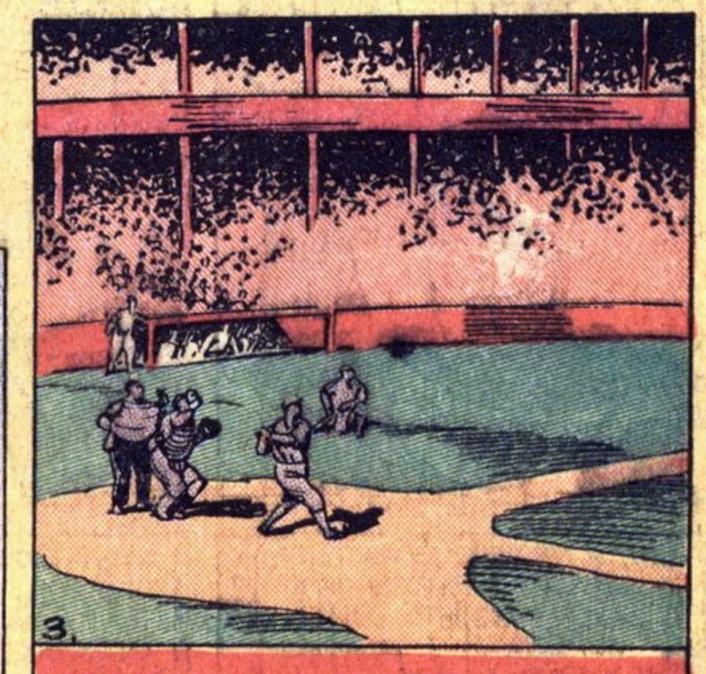
Follow Joe Palooka in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale August 30th.

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About That Remarkable World Series Batting Feat Flint Rhem, St. Louis Cardinal pitcher, sends a fast curve whistling plateward. There is a sharp crack of bat against ball and the sphere soars high into the upper deck of the rightfield stands.







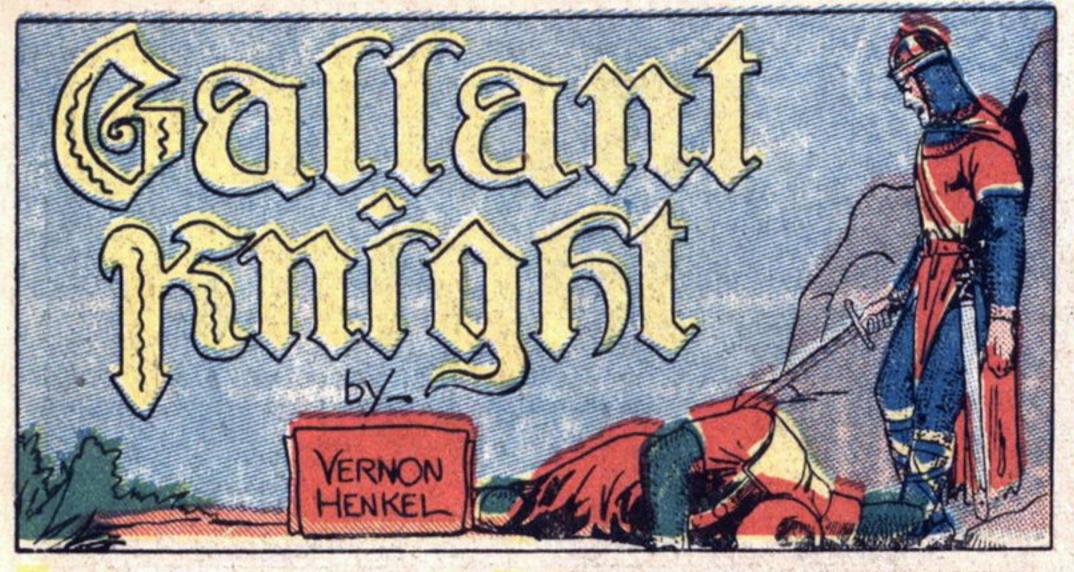
And this time that murderous slugger pastes the ball clear over the rightfield stand!

Sixfh inning now. New pitcher. Count three and two. Pitcher makes mistake of trying to shoot a fast one through the middle. And follows the most resounding smack of all three, setting a new record for long distance hitting at Sportsman's park.





The mighty monarch of the mace, Babe Ruth, hit those three homers Oct. 6, 1926, to turn in the greatest world series hitting exhibition in history.



GIVEN UP FOR DEAD BY THE VICTOR-IOUS CHARLEMAGNE, SIR RAYMOND OF NAVARIA STARED DAZEDLY AT THE TARTAR SPY LYING AT HIS FEET















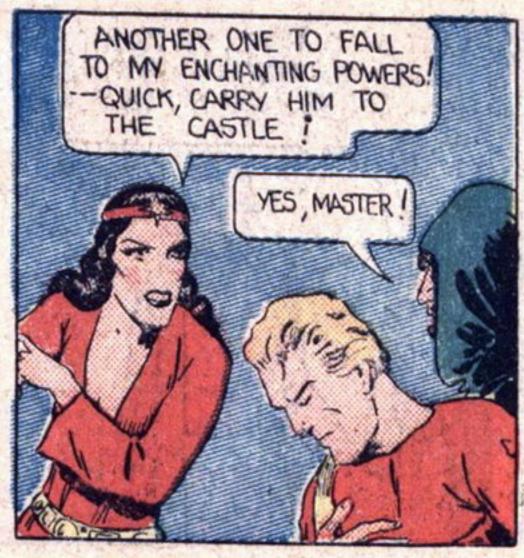






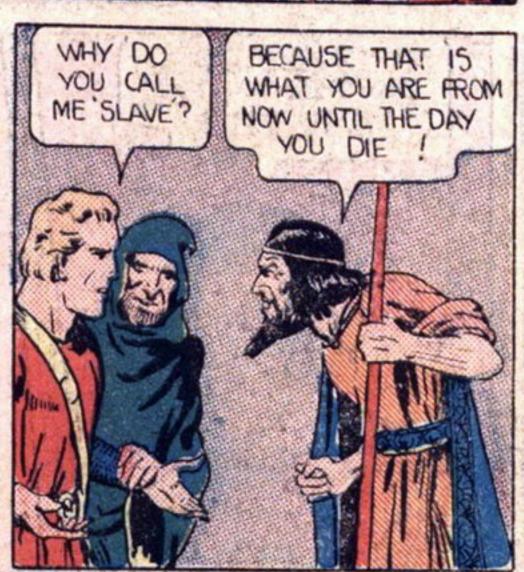
AND WHILE THE GALLANT SIR NEVILLE SET OUT IN HIS SEARCH, SIR RAYMOND PLUNGED DEEPER INTO THE MYSTERIOUS FOREST.

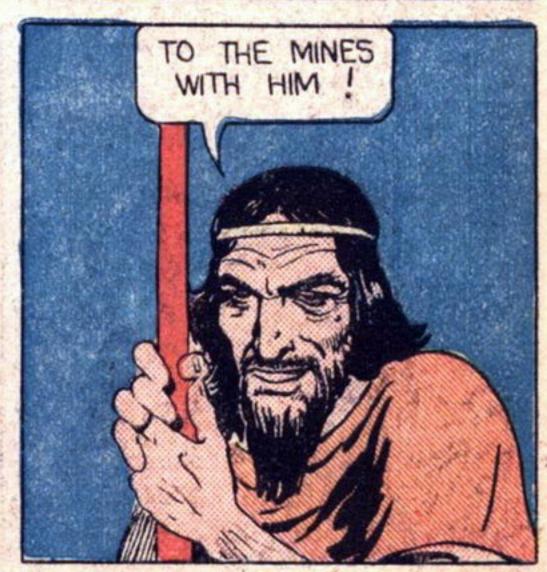






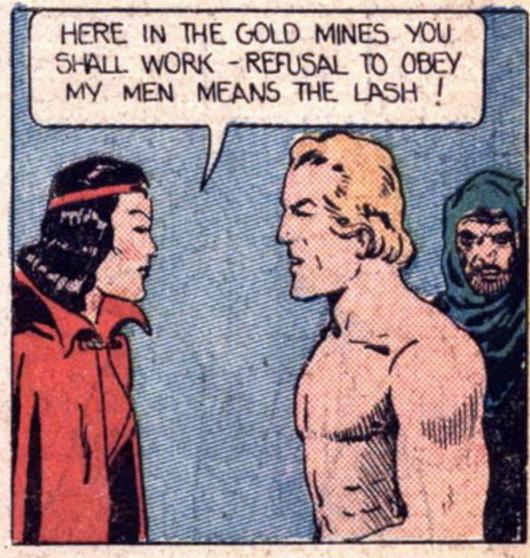


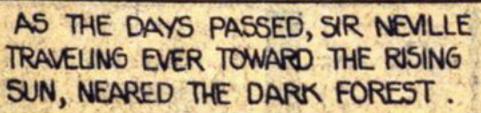








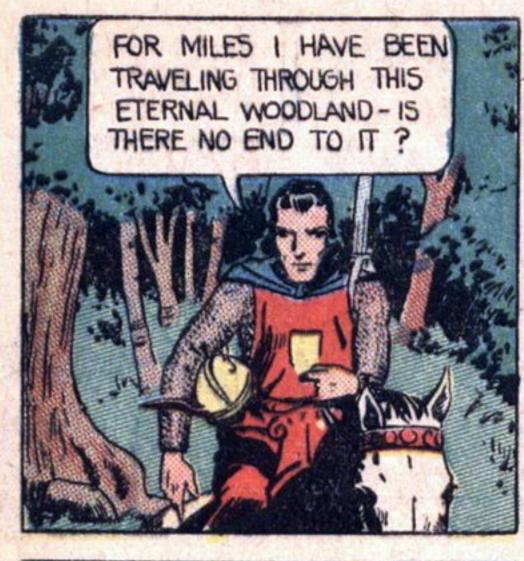


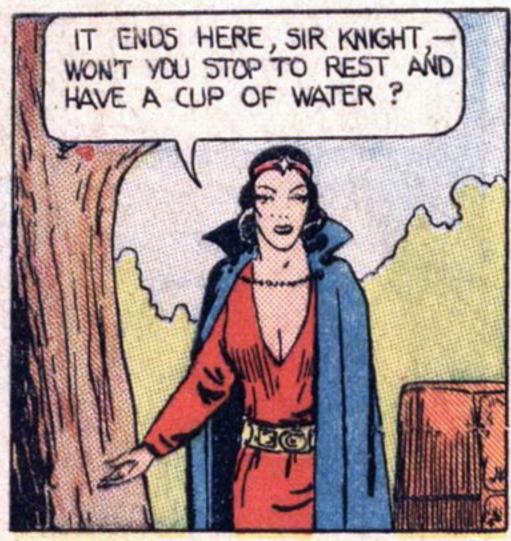




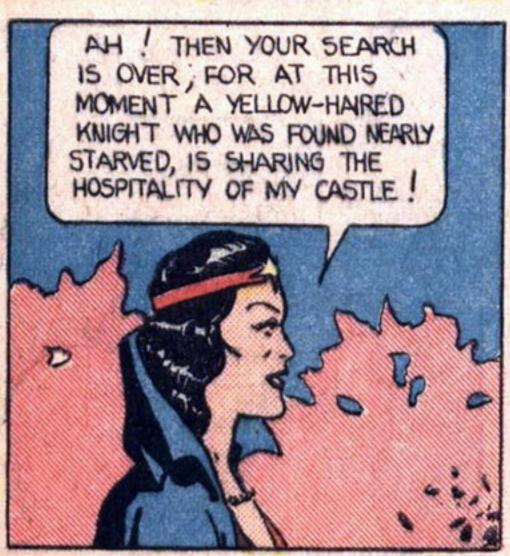














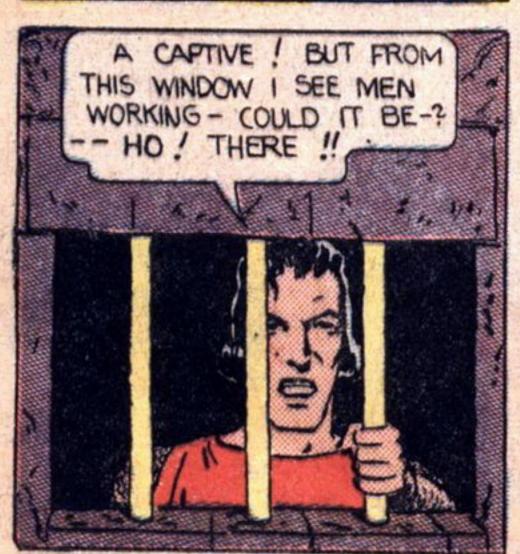


IN HIS EAGERNESS TO FIND HIS



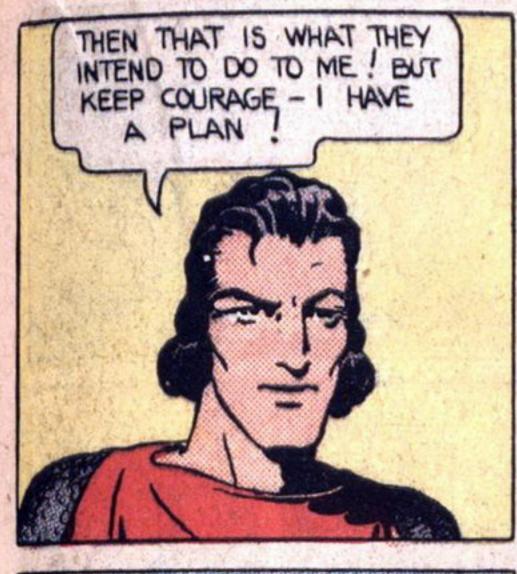


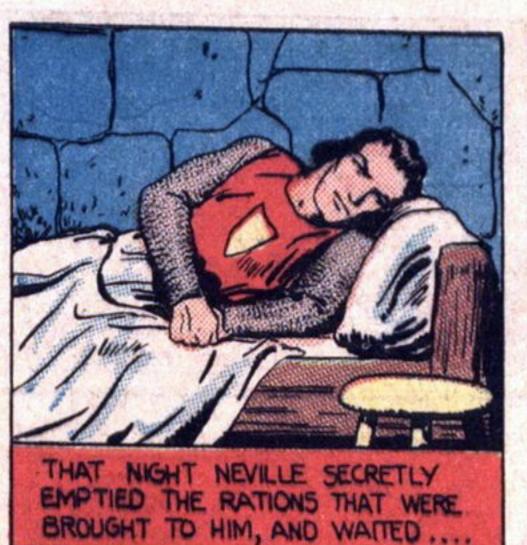


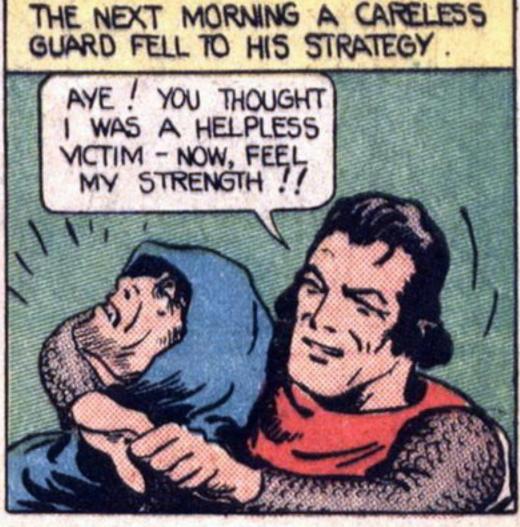


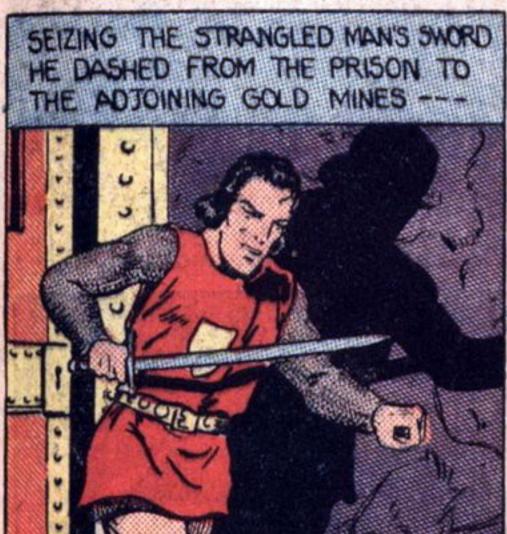












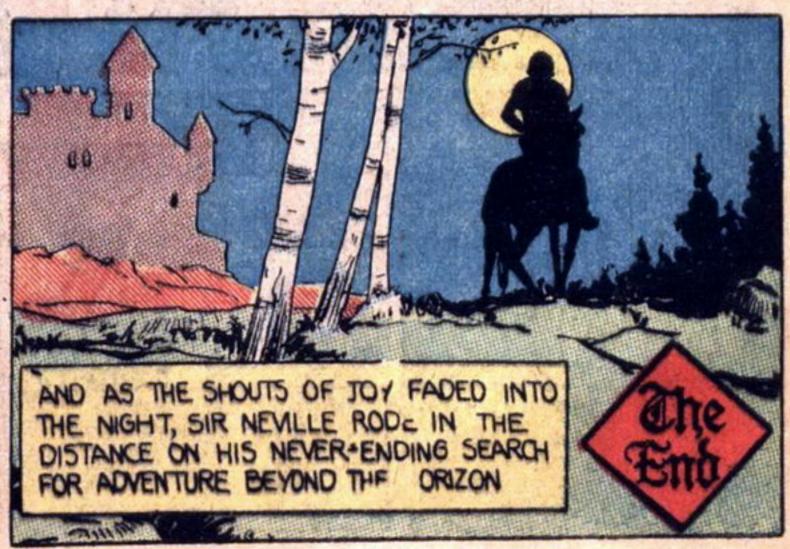


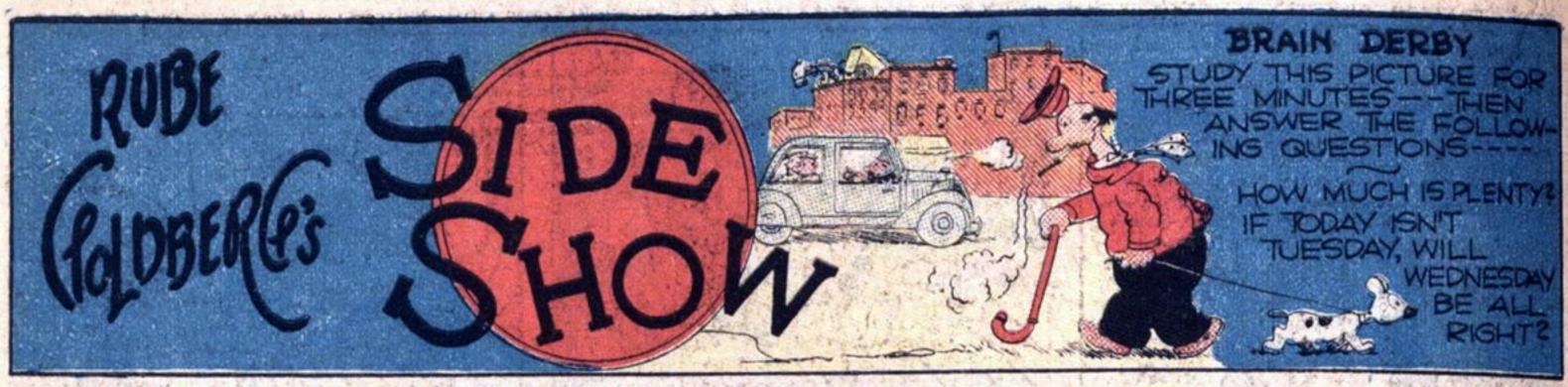


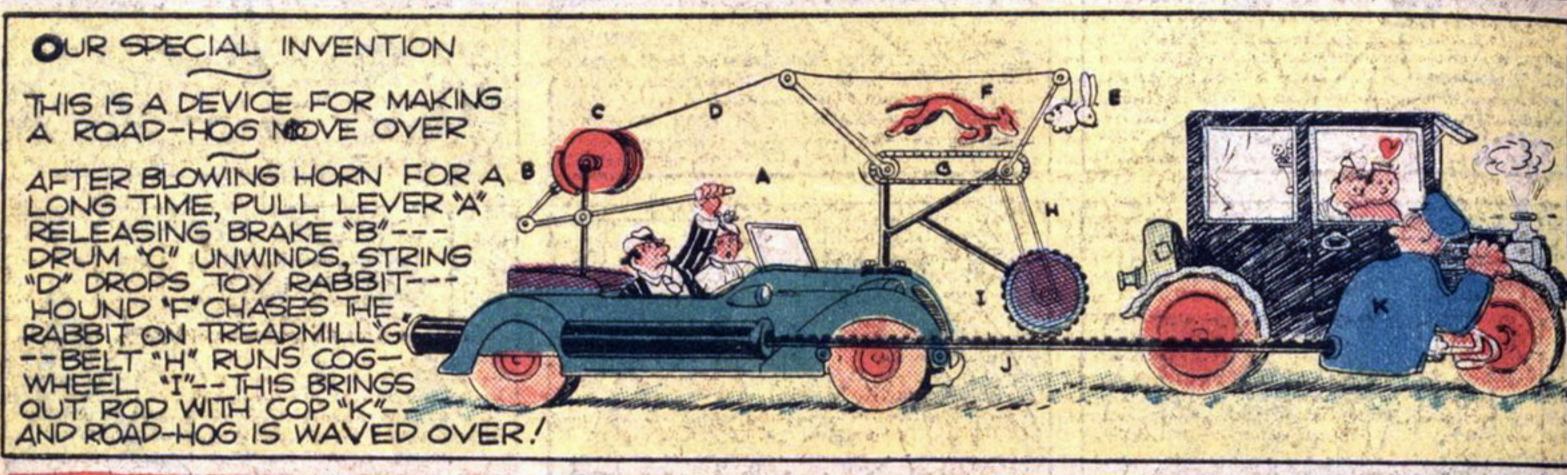






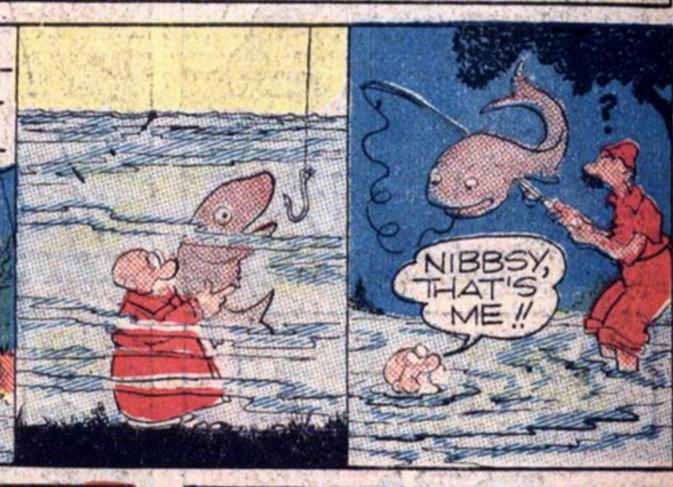














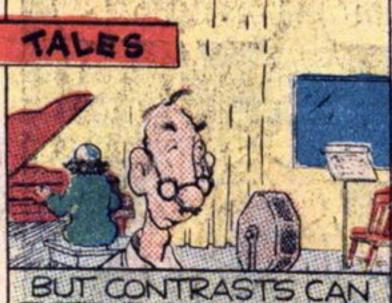




ANNOUNCER SANDUSKY ACROPOLIS LONG, TAUGHT FOLKS TO BE HEALTHY AND HAPPY AND STRONG.



WHILE ANOTHER ANNOUNCER NAMED PERCIVAL BLUTE, TALKED OF THINGS POETIC AND CUTE~



EXTEND GREAT LENGTH,
TAKE A LOOK AT LENGTH,
SANDUSKY WHO TALKS
ABOUT STRENGTH



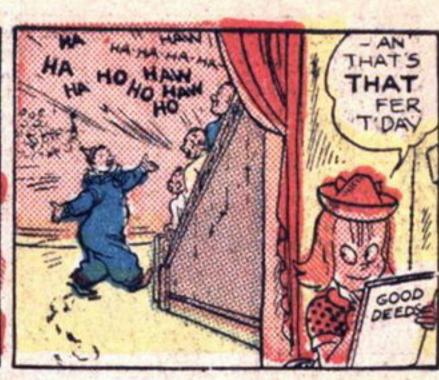
WHILE THE FELLOW WHO GABS ABOUT SISSY STUFF, IS DECIDEDLY LOW !! AND AWFUL TOUGH!







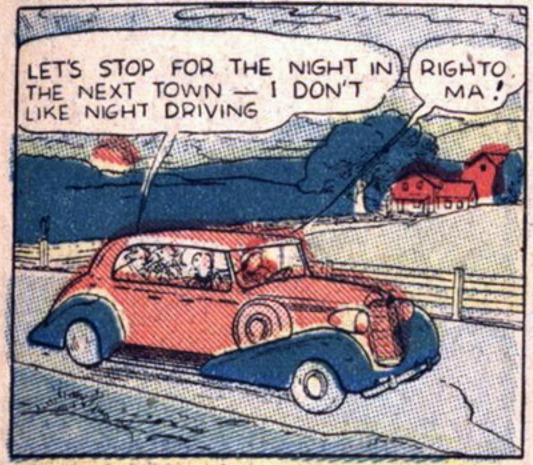




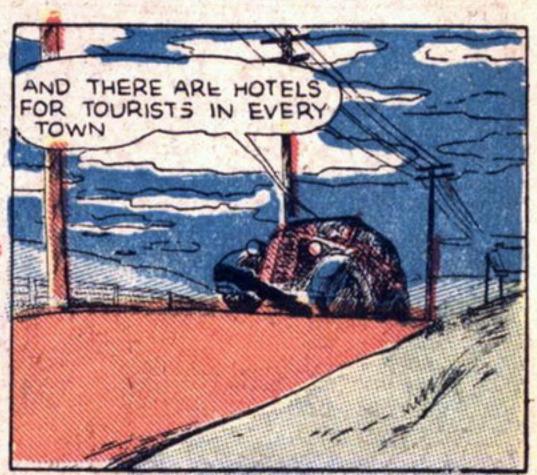
DIXIE DUGAN

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By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL







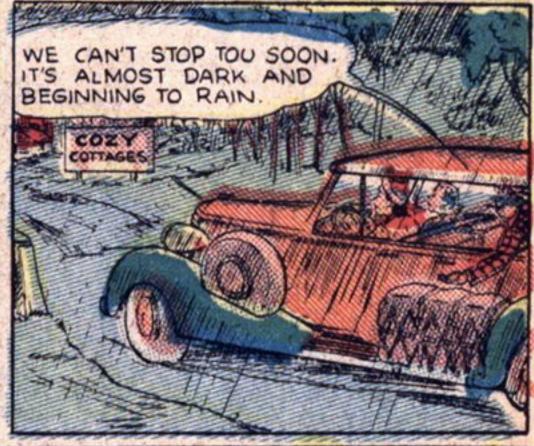




























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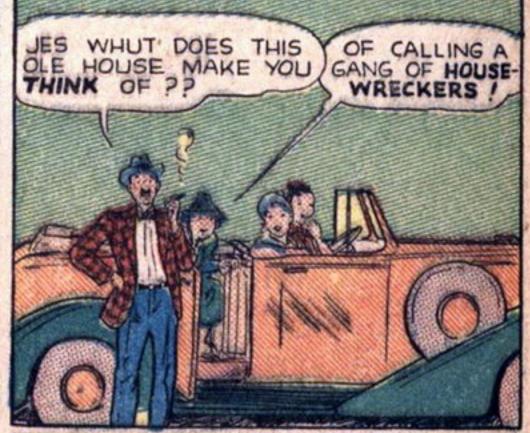
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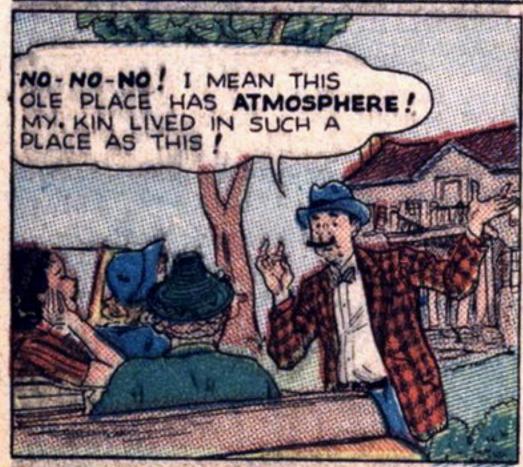


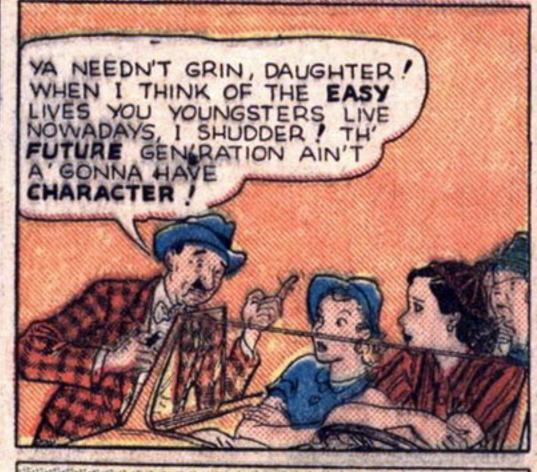




















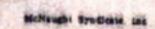








DIXIE DUGAN



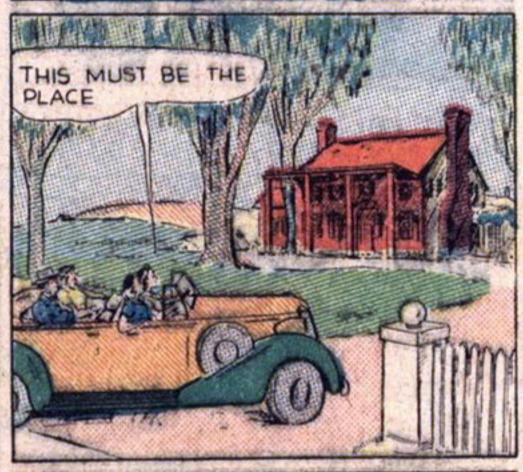
By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL

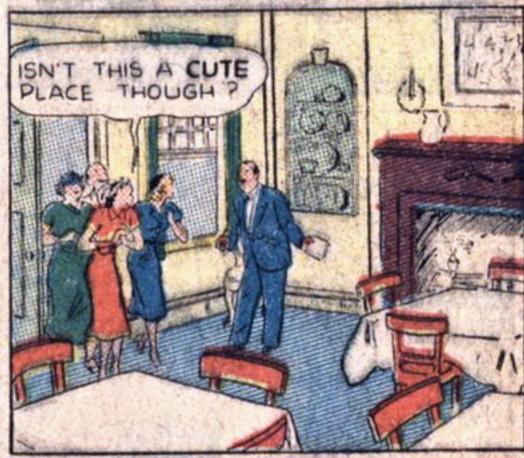


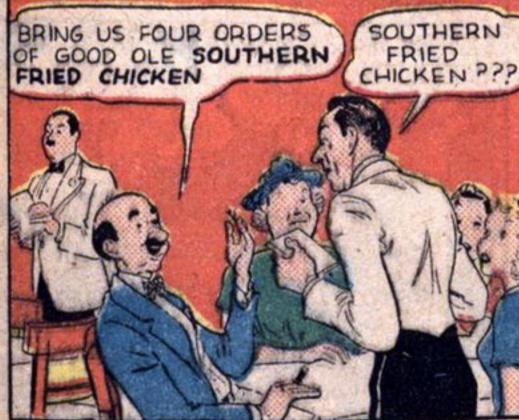




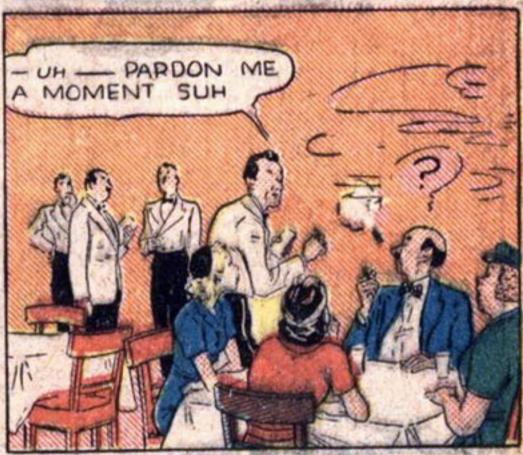








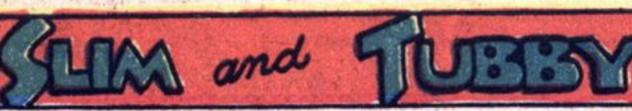








John J. Welch





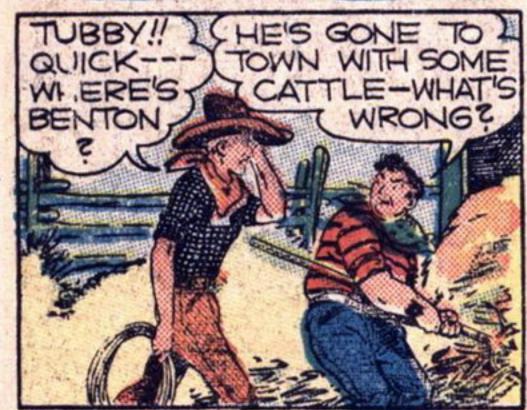
































Slim and Tubby is continued in the October issue-on sale August 30th.

DEVIL'S HEAD

By Robert M. Hyatt

Wind screamed through the taut rigging like angry ghouls, ripping the frozen sail out of Derry's hands. It flapped outward with a report like an exploding gun as another mountainous wave hurled the frail craft up toward the inky storm clouds racing low over the water. Then dropped it distily into the dark abyss on the other side.

Derry made one more ineffectual grab for the wildly-fluttering sail, only to be knocked flat as the next comber caught the catboat in a vicious broadside.

"Hang on to it, y' weakling!" shouted Jed, his dark brows contracting angrily. "Reef 'er, or we'll swamp!"

Derry, the breath driven from his body, crawled forward again. With one arm encircling the mast, he tried vainly to do his companion's bidding. Leaning far outward, he snatched at the half-frozen cloth. His reach fell far short.

"Come back here an' hold this tiller!" bawled the thickset helmsman, "an' let a man do it!"

Derry crawled aft, grasped the lashing tiller, and groaned with the terrific strain. His eyes swept the raging water. The distant rocky shore did not seem to be getting any nearer.

It was all Jed's powerful muscles could do to reef the sail; then he came aft to take charge of the tiller.

There was a sneer on his broad face as he shoved Derry aside. "Yer're about as much use as this here tub'd be without me," he flung out, scowling.

"Aren't we heading in, Jed? This blow's getting worse." Derry ignored the other's sneering remark.

"Huh! Jest as I thought," the helmsman rasped. "Scairt!" He threw back his head and laughed derisively. This was the life. The hattle—and mastery—of the sea.

"No," answered Derry steadily, "not scared so much, only — "He paused. "Dad will be worried knowing we're out in this. Let's head for the cove, Jed."

The appeal in Derry's tone only seemed to incite Jed's sarcasm. He laughed again. "Yer plum scairt, that's wot y' are. Yer yellow! Like y' was yesterday when y' backed down from Bull Durkin. Y' took it like a chump. W'y didn't y' sock him? They're callin' y' yellow belly'!" He spat as a sheet of salt spray stung their faces.

"Maybe so," came Derry's voice, unruffled. "But I'm not built like you, Jed." He surveyed his companion's powerfully built figure. "But Dad says there's other kinds of courage besides physical. Why should I fight Bull?"

"Bunk!" snorted Jed contemptuously. "Just Bunk! W'en a guy's scairt to fight, he's yellow—a coward!"

The wind was howling now, piling masses of thick, black clouds down close to the water. Giant waves tore at the tiny craft like demons. They must make for shore or be capsized. Jed grudingly admitted this to himself and skillfully tacked into the wind.

"Hang on, you, we're shootin' th' reef!" he shouted.

Derry gripped the gunwale and said nothing. In calm weather the reef was dangerous; in this sea it was suicide.

The little boat shot ahead. Rain began to fall, driven by a gale that flung the drops against the youths' faces with the force of buckshot. Jed yelled in exultation, He loved

this. He'd show these turbulent waves who was master! Derry clung to the rail as the icy rain beat in his face. He opened his mouth to shout a warning, but the wind tore his words away.

Each time as they hurtled on the summit of a wave, the reef loomed closer, baring its cruel, jagged fangs as the water backlashed. It did not belie its name-"Devil's Head." To be cast upon its horny back meant certain death. Standing out a fathom length from the reef were two slender, pointed rocks-"The Spikes." Separated by a few yards of lashing water, they presented a grim, significant picture, one that seemed to hold a strange fascination for Jed, whose eyes were glued on them with determination.

"Hi-yi!" he yelped above the wind. "Watch me put 'er between the Spikes!"

They were hurtling toward this ominous deathshead with millrace speed, as the rollers flattened out nearer the rocks.

To Derry, doom appeared imminent and certain on those sharp prongs waiting to rip into their boat. "Don't!" he screamed, placing a restraining hand on his companion's arm. "You're crazy, Jed! You can't make it in a blow like this!"

Jed's mocking laugh was flung back. "Set 'tight," he yelled. "Hang on, yellow belly!"

They were between the fang-like Spikes when a rending crash heaved Derry into the sea. The swinging boom caught Jed on the head, dashing him over the side. The boat, spinning half around out of control, went over as a wave struck it, broadside, and vanished.

Dazed, and gasping for breath, Derry felt himself banged against a rock. Desperately he clutched at a smooth surface, at length securing a handhold. He drew himself partially up the slender spike of rock, which reminded him of an icicle. The swirling waters ripped at him in baffled fury.

Where was Jed? He could see nothing but desolate, pitching seas. Jed was gone. The boat was gone. Derry was alone, clinging to the slippery Spike with all his might. But he knew he couldn't hang on long with the waves dragging at him like this.

Then he heard a gasping cry. "Jed!" he called. "Jed-here!"

Jed's head showed bobbing toward him. His face was white with fear as he was rolled over and over, feebly striking out for the rock. His lips moved in a sound-less cry.

Derry clutched his coat as he was swept in, and drew him up with one arm. Jed's forehead was bleeding from a gash over one eye. He was weak and panting from exhaustion. "My arm!" he gasped. "Broke—Oh-oo!" He moaned with pain, trying to hold on to Derry, and nearly toppling both from the rock.

The day wore on, with no let-up in the gale. Derry was almost paralyzed trying to hold the limp form of his foolish companion up, and still keep one arm around the rock. His whole body ached. Jed's efforts to help hold their precarious perch grew weaker. His eyes, terror filled, sought Derry's.

"I — I can't hang on much longer," he sobbed. His arm was swelling. Soon the whole burden of holding them would be Derry's.

The futility of their combined efforts to remain above the water became more evident. The slippery rock afforded no handholds. Already the chill water surged around their knees as larger and larger combers boomed in, snarling at them. The slender Spike might offer safety for one, but unless help came soon—

It was nearly dark. There would be no boats putting out in this storm, Jed babbled with pain, his crippled arm hanging limp. Derry's
muscles were stiff with cold and
exhaustion. They slipped lower into
the water. With a last feeble effort, Derry drew his heavy burden
up the rock. He fumbled with
numb fingers at his belt. Then he
leaned close to Jed's ear.

"Jed—listen," he shouted, in a voice that was little more than a whisper, "I'm done—can't hold—both of us—There," he said, when he had pulled Jed's good arm around the rock. "That's it—you hang on, Jed—I'll try to make it in — get help — We'll beat the 'Devil' yet! . . . Jed, hear me?" He smiled wanly at the other, who nodded in dumb understanding.

A cold slice of moon broke through the clouds for a moment, its pale light picking out two bedraggled forms hugging a slender spire of rock. Then darkness as the clouds rolled together

When dawn was graying over a quieted sea, a single figure showed dimly plastered to the Spike. The half-frozen youth raised his head. He had heard the putt-putt of a power launch. He shouted feebly, his glazed eyes searching the water. Then his head fell forward.

The boat slipped alongside. Willing hands got the almost-lifeless body on board and stretched out on the small deck. They tore his wet clothes off. His arm was swollen so badly they had to slit the coat sleeve.

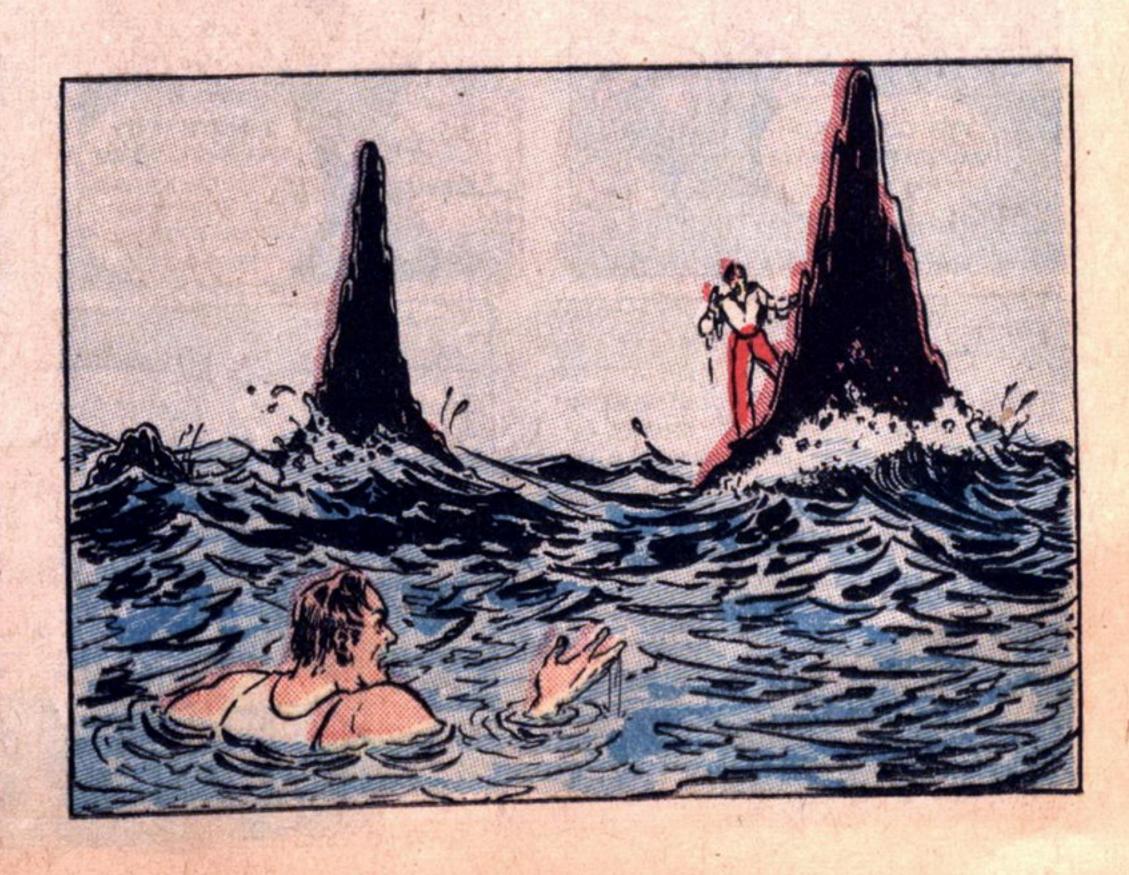
"Must've heaved plumb inter th' Spike," observed one of the men, after they had rolled Jed in blankets and carried him below. "Jed allus did have a hankerin' fer this daw-gonned reef," he added, as he guided the launch toward the cove.

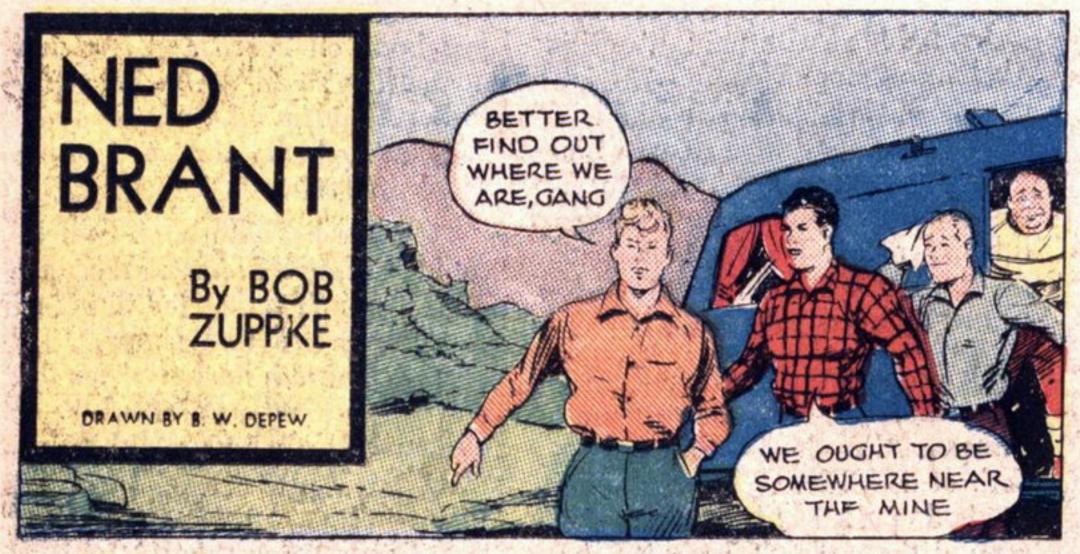
"Boat's under — smashed most likely," said another; "s'pose poor Derry Milton is, too."

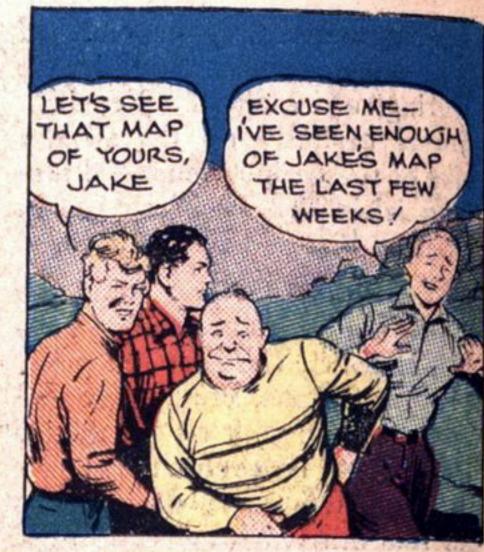
"Yeah?" came the voice of the helmsman. "Well, how'd Jed get tied onto th' Spike then? Tell me that. Don't wear two belts, does he? An' him with a busted flipper—"

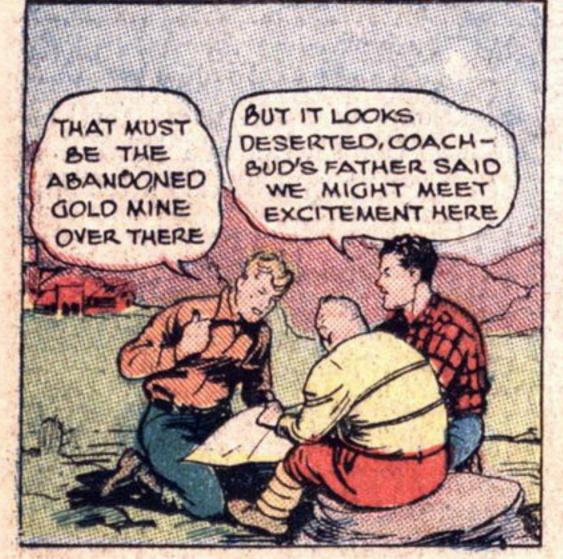
The third member of the crew returned from the little cabin below. "Jed's clean outen his head," said he. "Funny, too. Keeps ravin' bout courage — yellow belly an beat th' devil — er somethin' like that. Then he laughs—the goshawfullest laugh Listen! There it goes again!"

Read THE RULES OF THE GAME in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS — on sale August 30th.



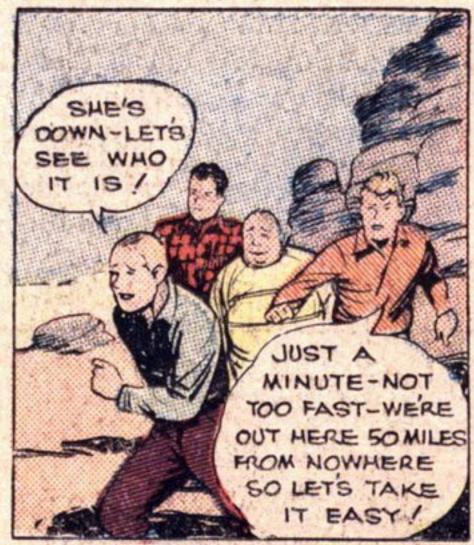


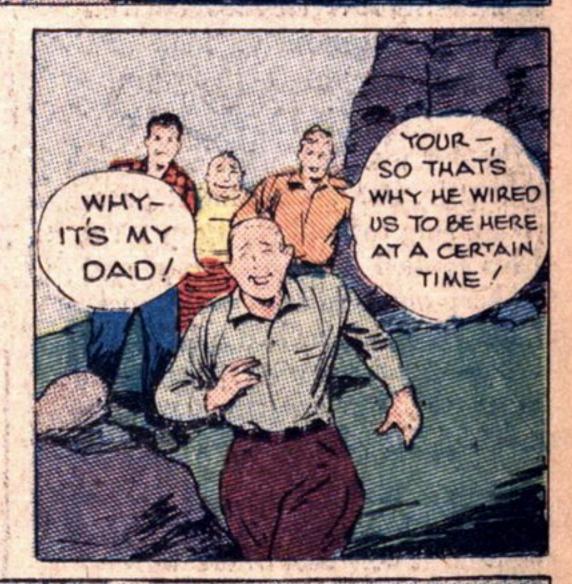


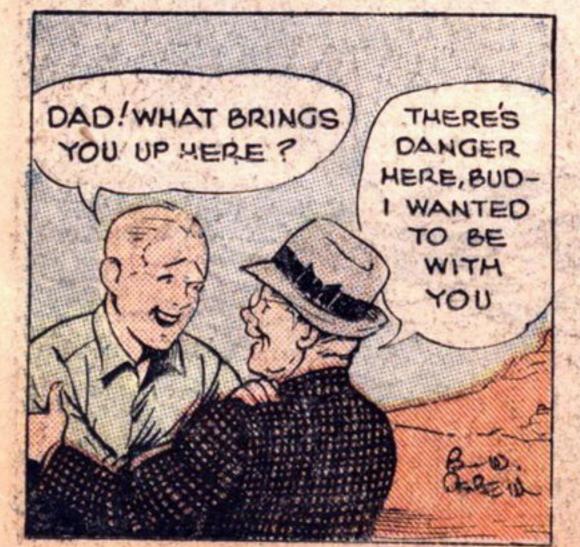






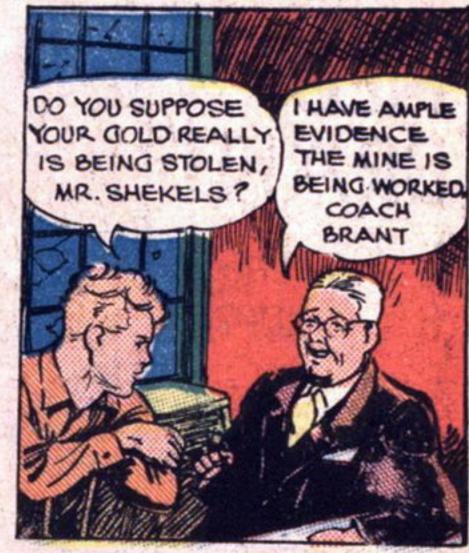


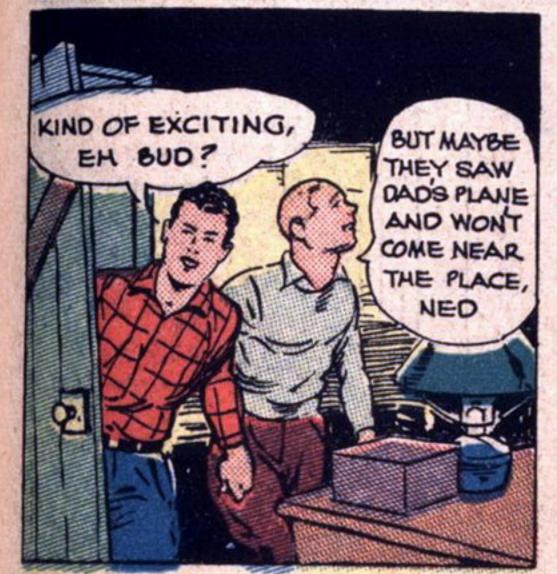


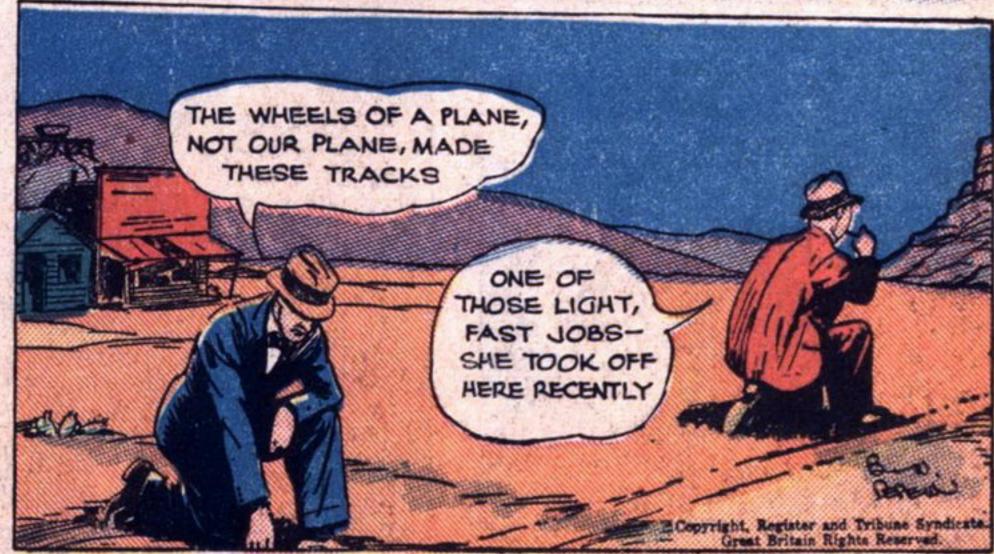








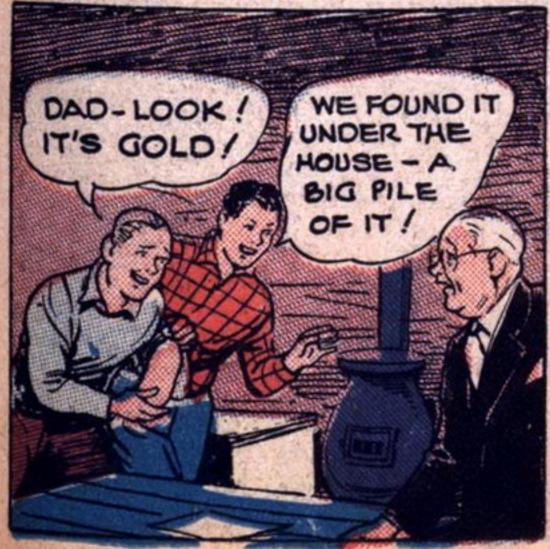




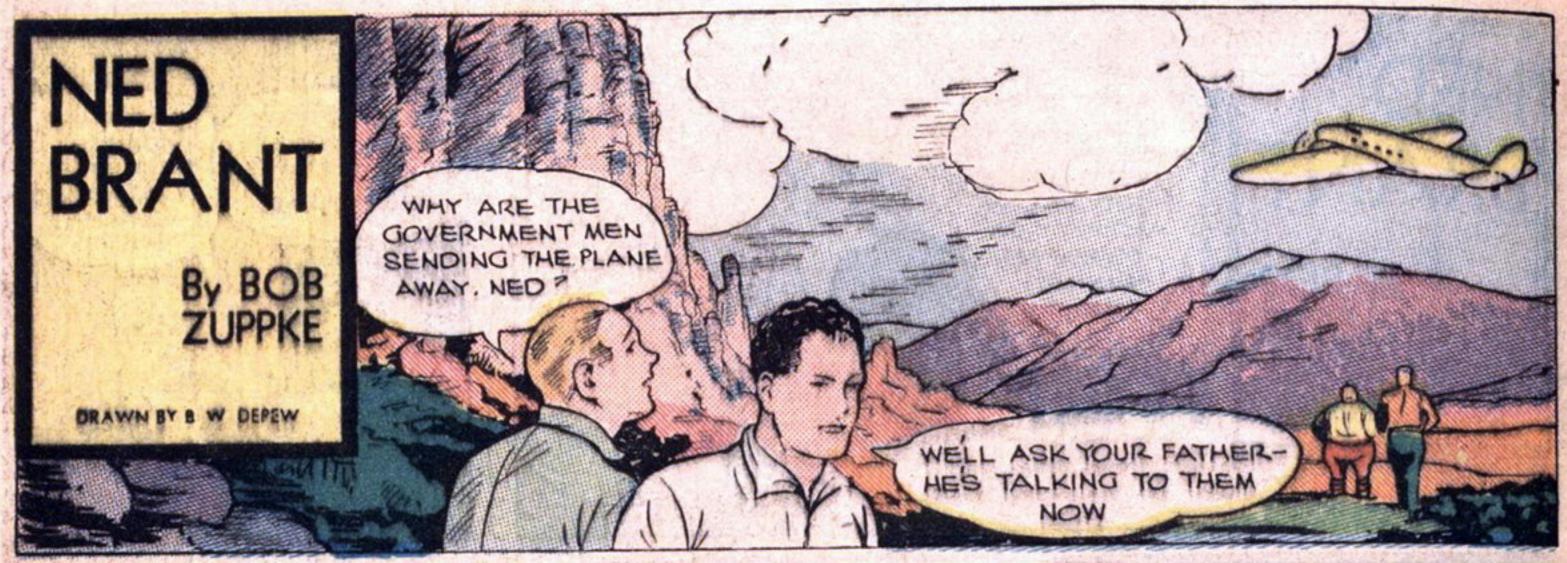




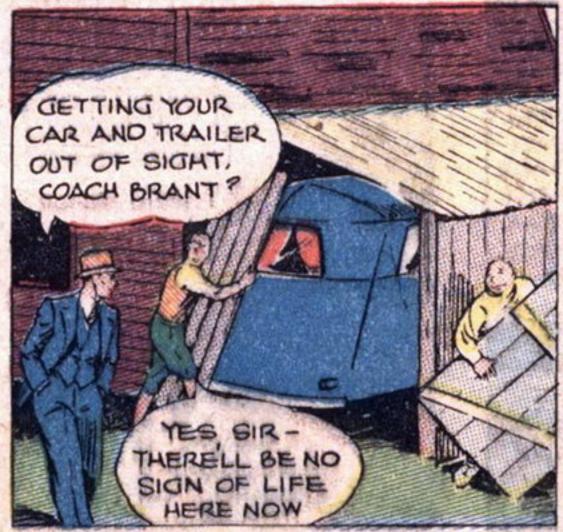








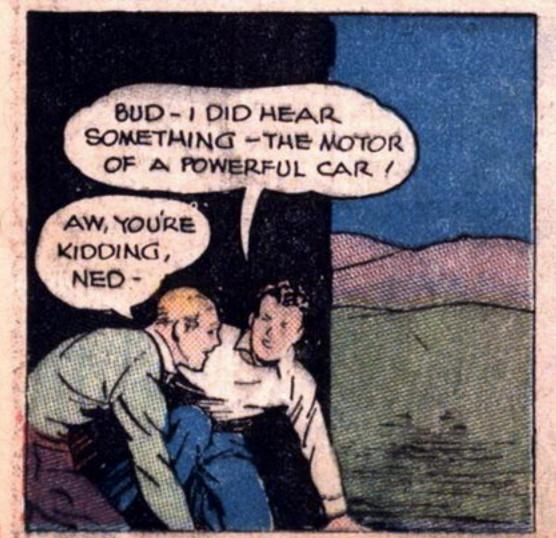


















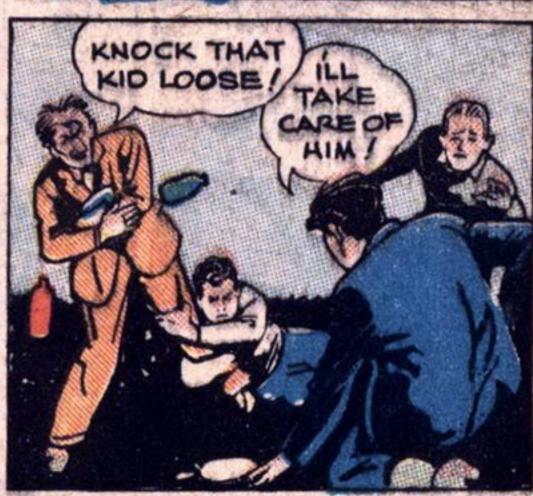
















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Ned Brant is continued in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale August 30th.











By H. J. TUTHILL

McNaught Syndicate Inn. N Y

HA-HA!! AT

CATCH YOU

LAST WE

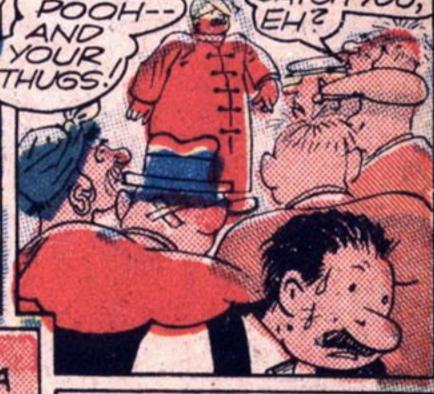
THE BUNGLE FAMILY

TRAPPED









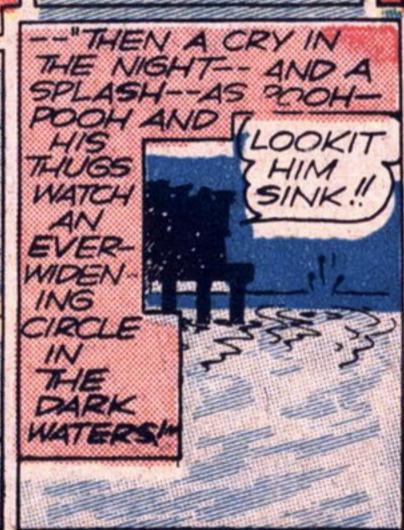
50! IT'S

YOU.

POOH

























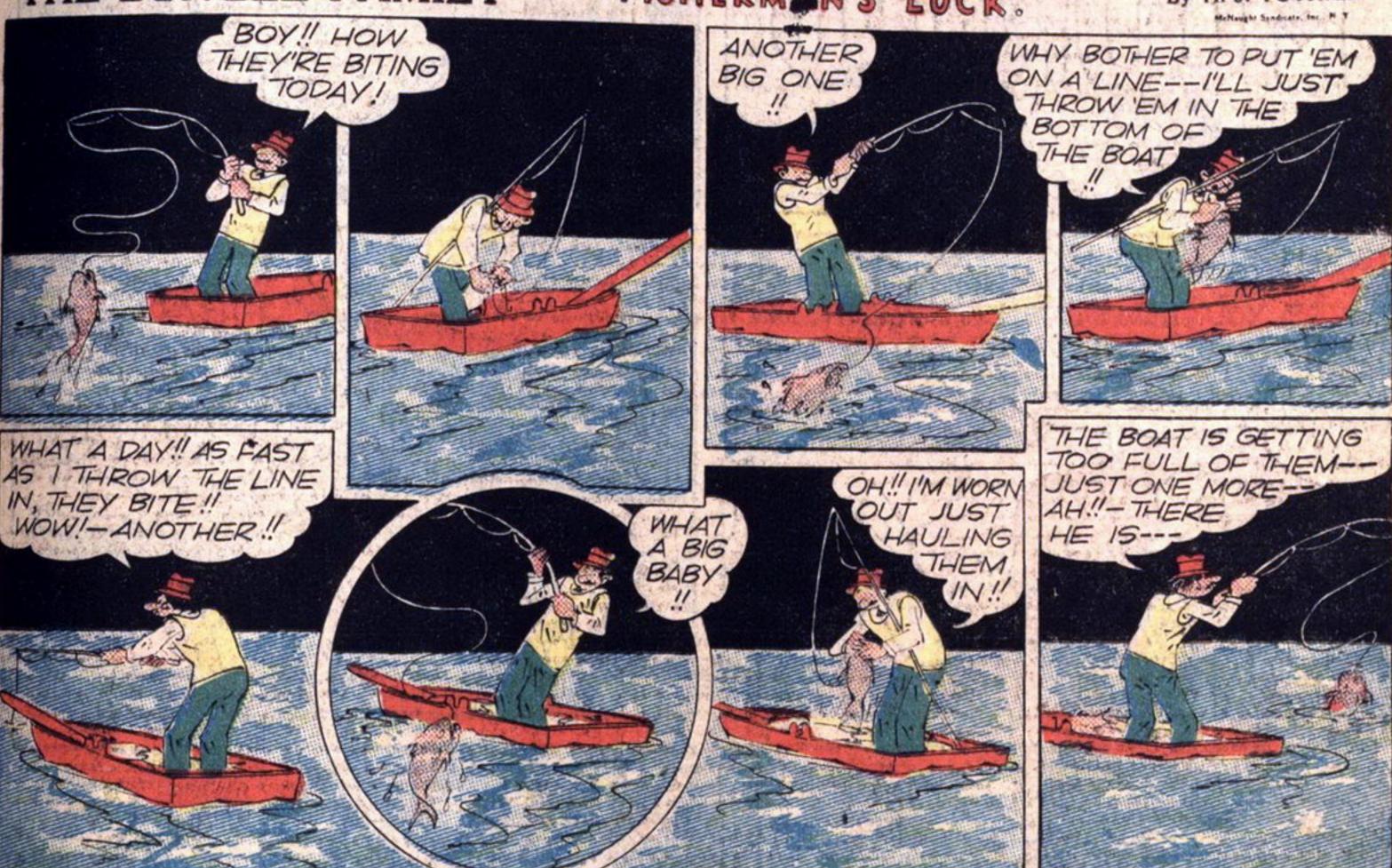


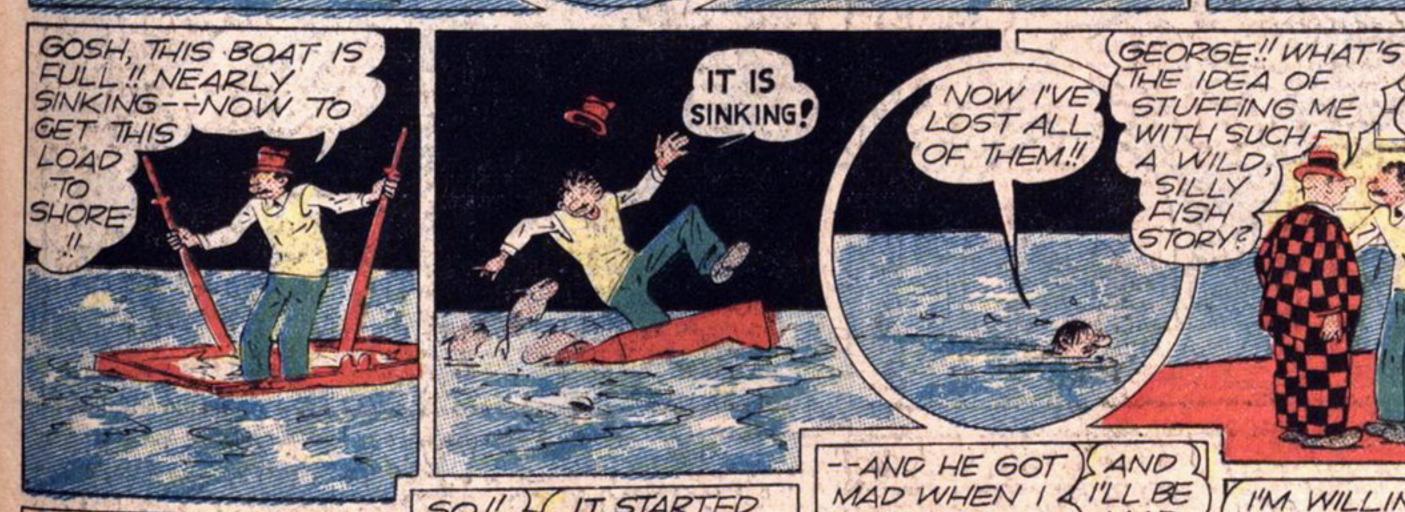


THE BUNGLE FAMILY

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

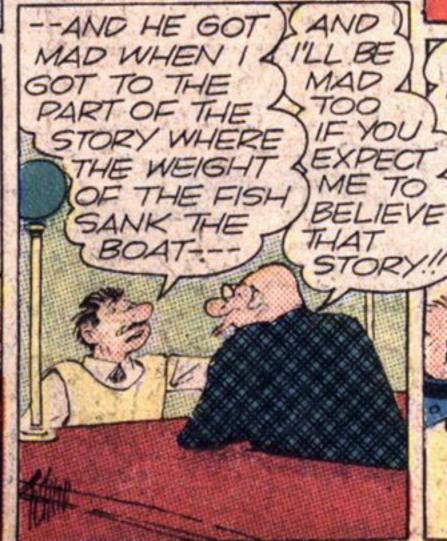
By H. J. TUTHILL













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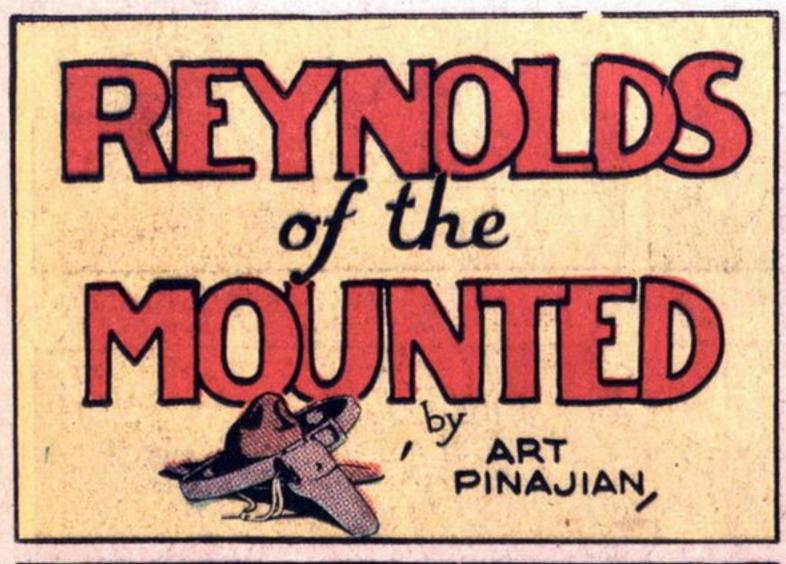
TELL YOU

IT'S THE

TRUTH

HORACE

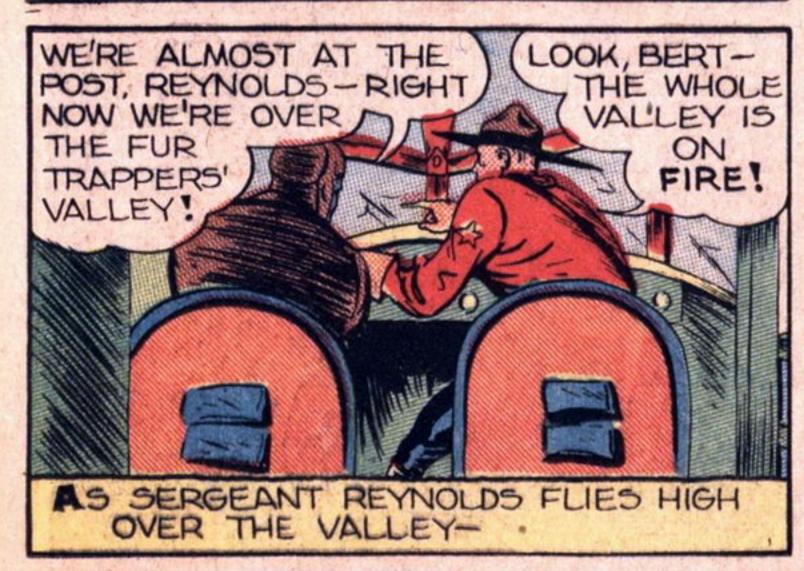
Follow The Bungles in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale August 30th.







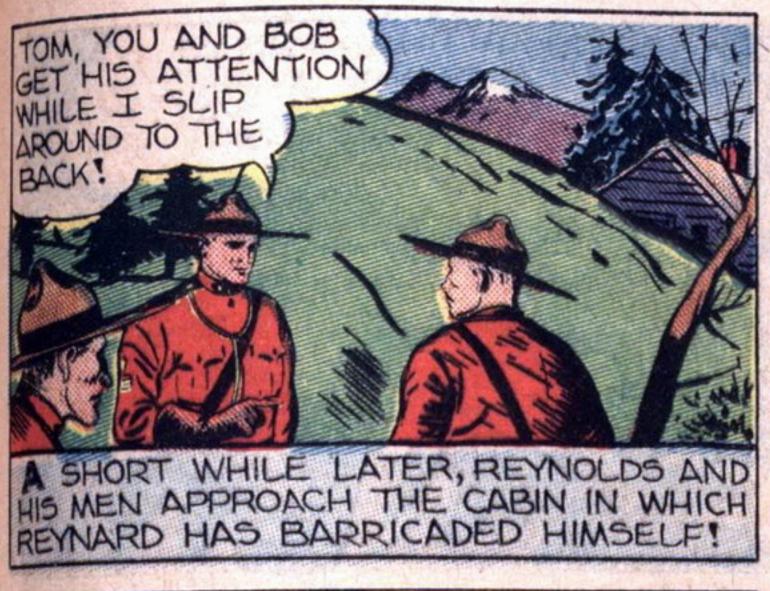




















THE LATE AFTERNOON BRINGS STRONG

WINDS AND SNOW - A BLIZZARD!





















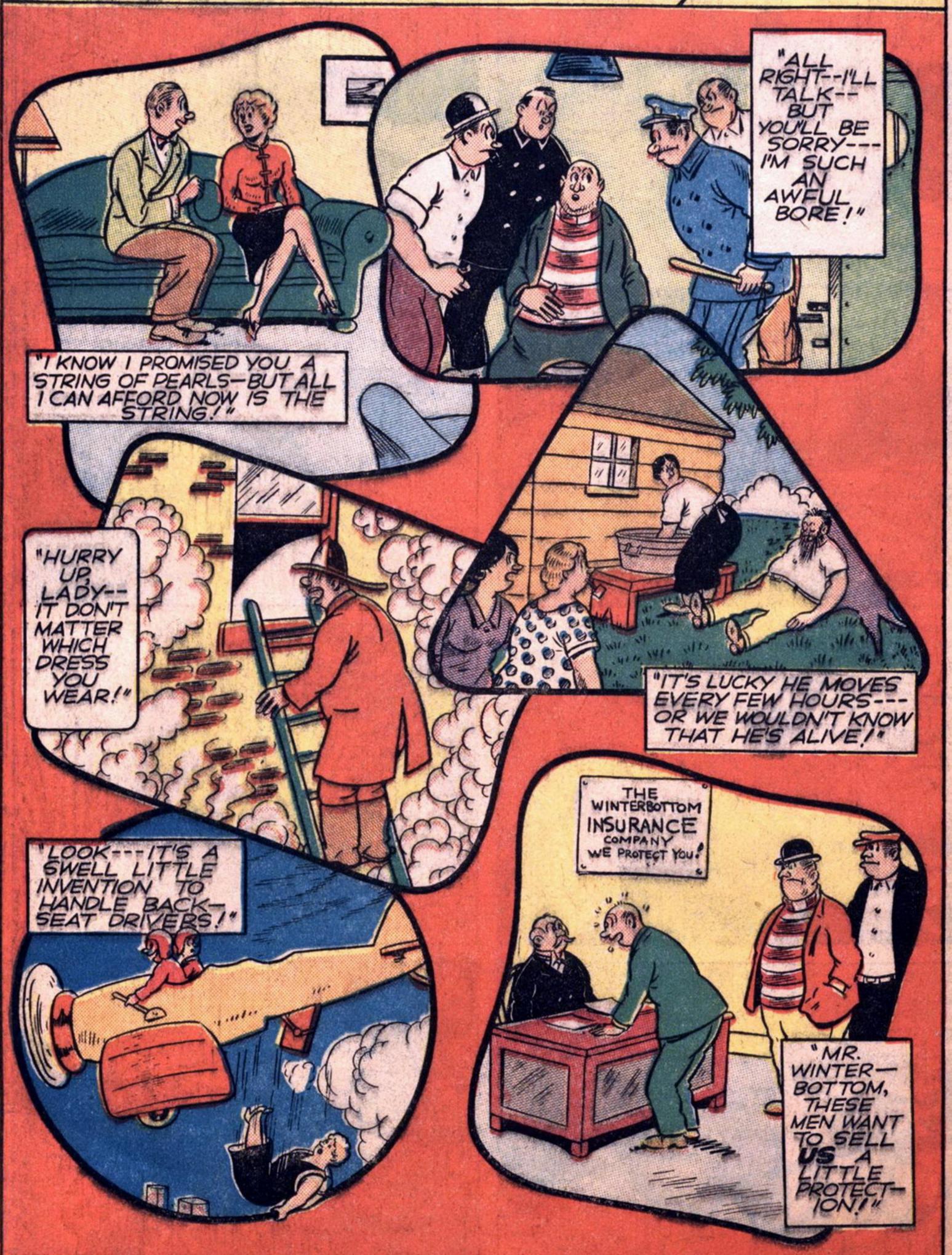


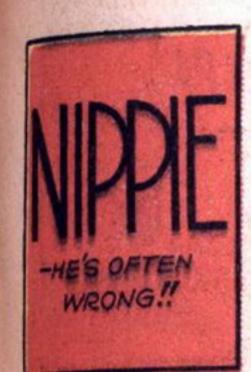




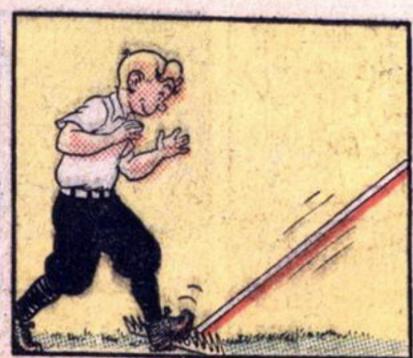
Another adventure of Reynolds of The Mounted in the October issue—on sale August 30th.

OFF THE RECORD BY ED REED,











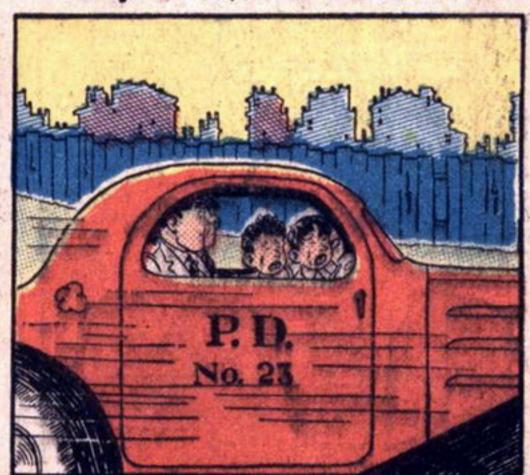
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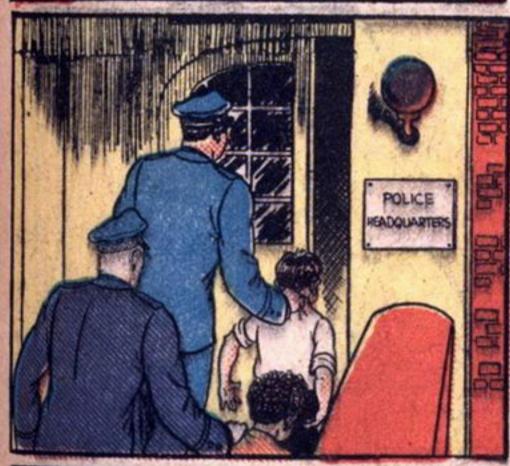
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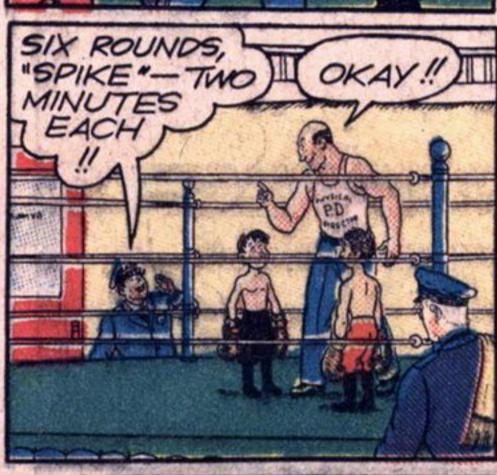
By LANK LEONARD

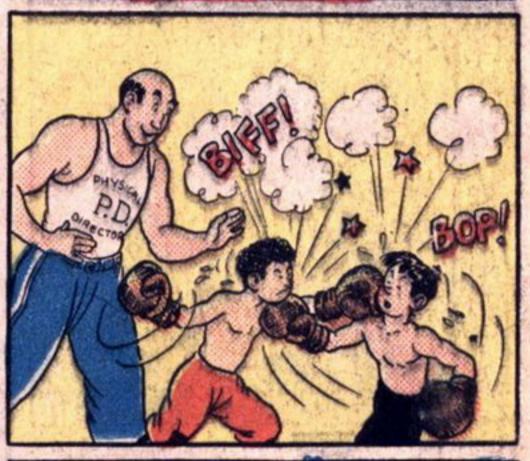


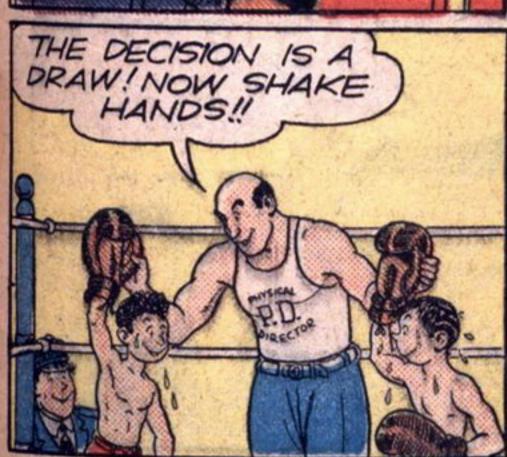




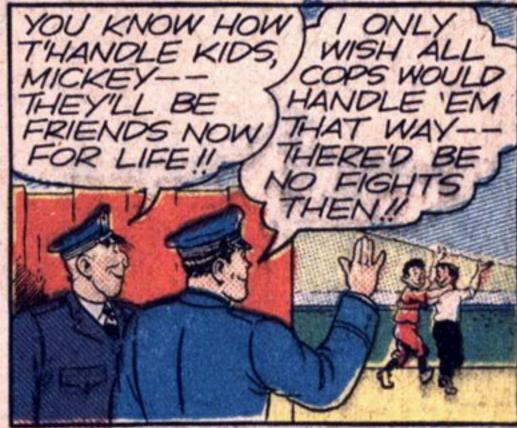






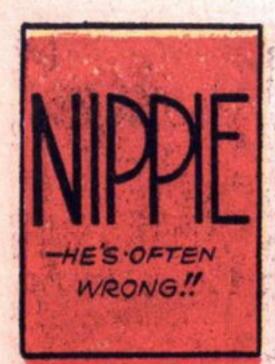


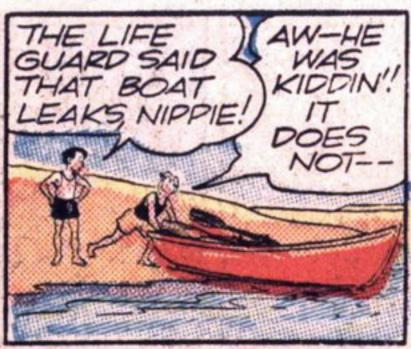












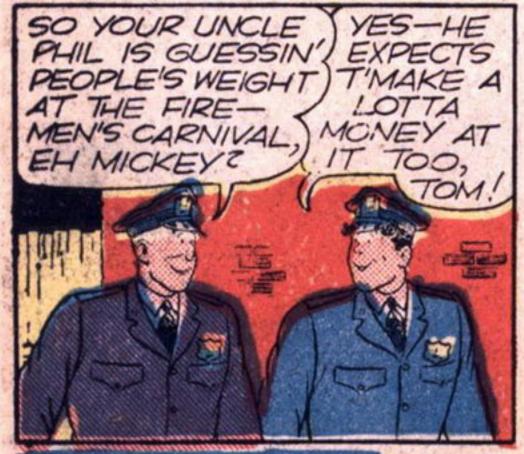


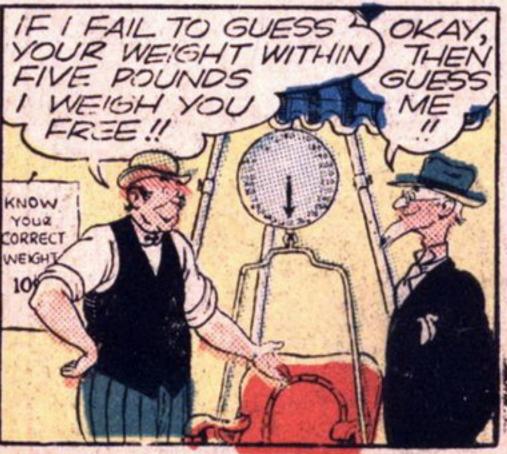


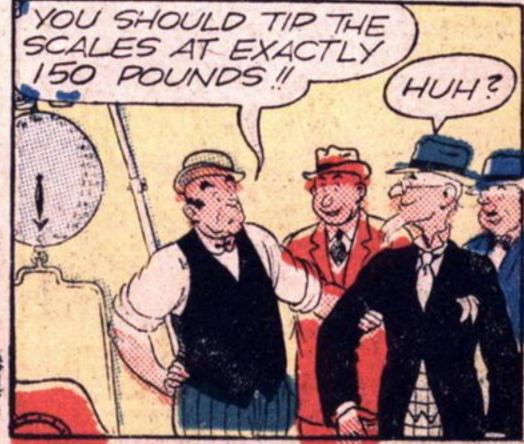
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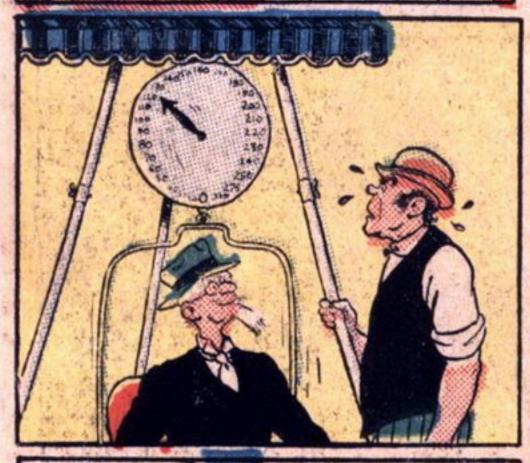
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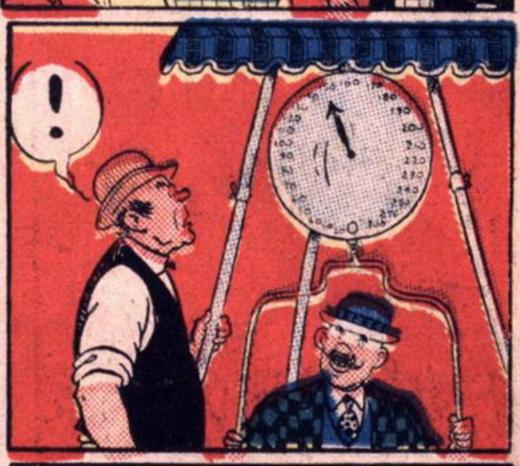




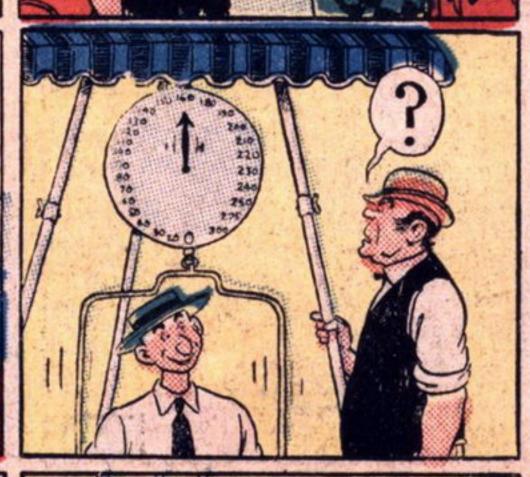




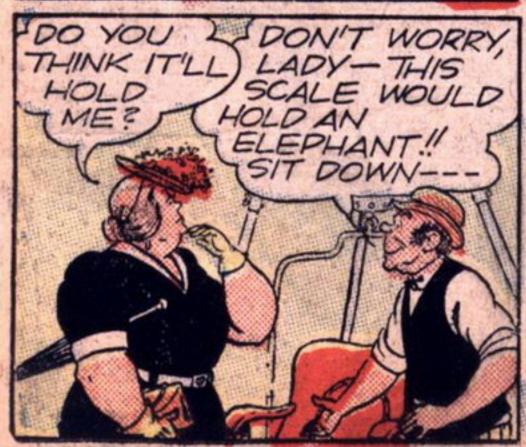


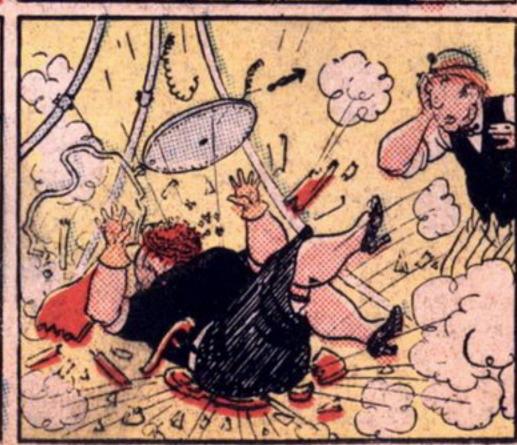




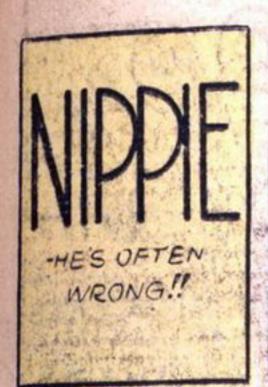


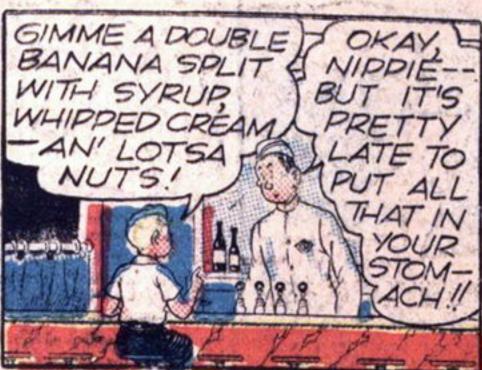














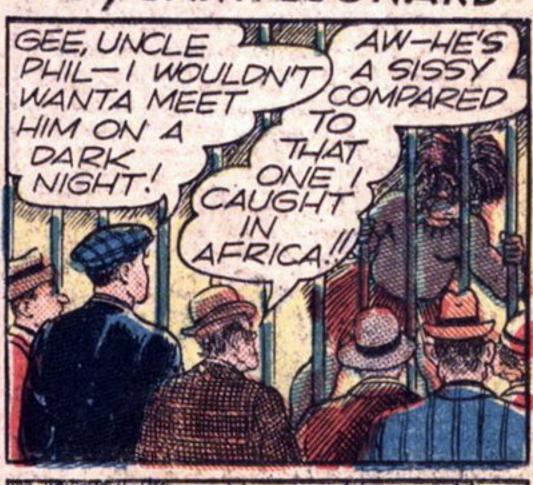


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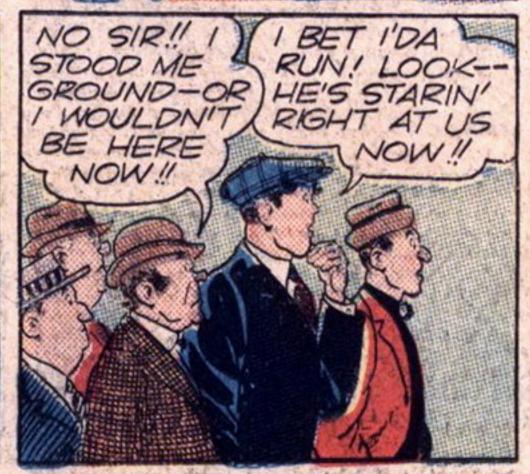
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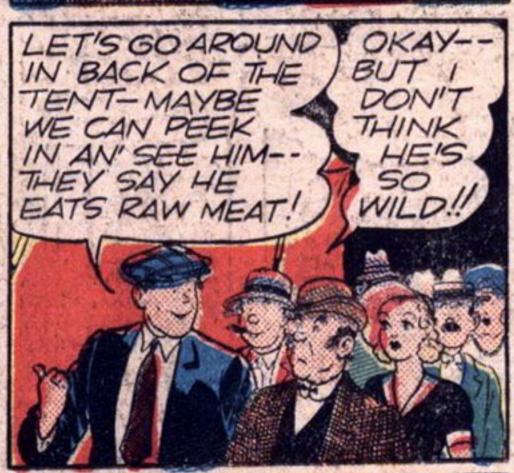
















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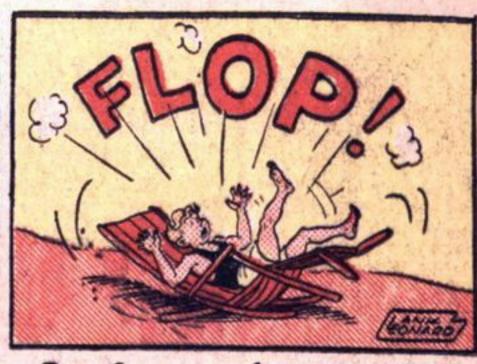








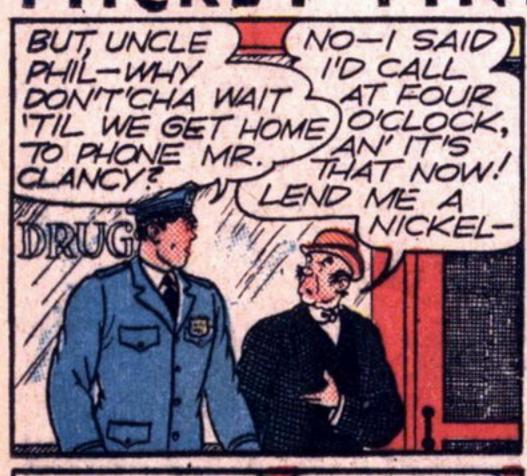




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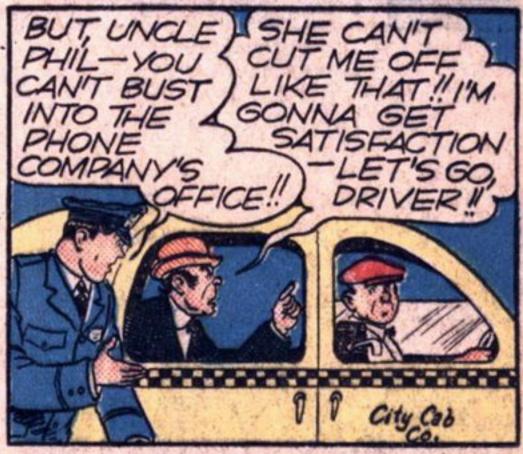


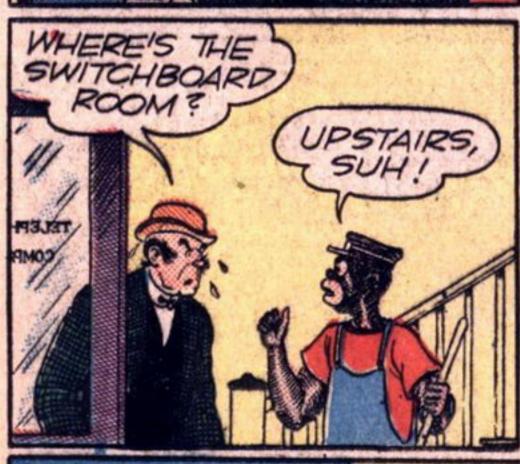


















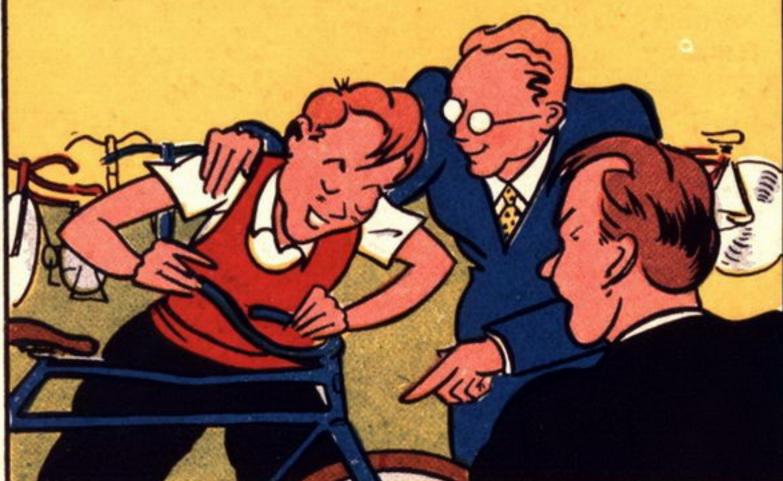


More of Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.

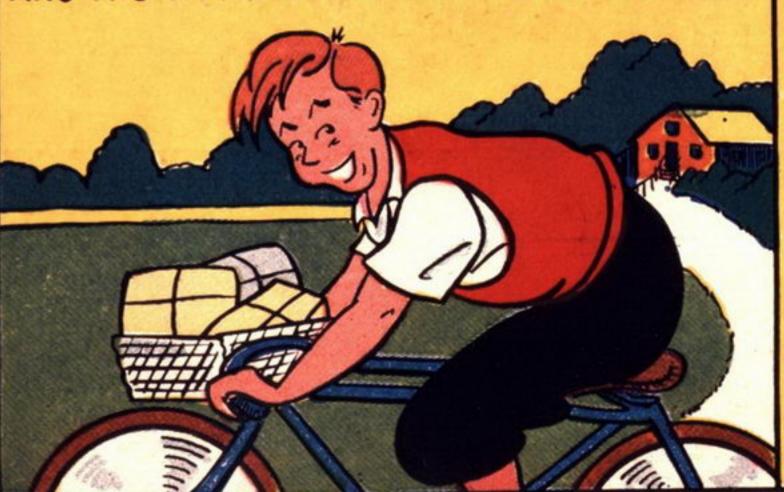
A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER, ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE, 'TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHE, FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!



THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE, WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE, SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER-A NIFTY HUM-DINGER, WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!



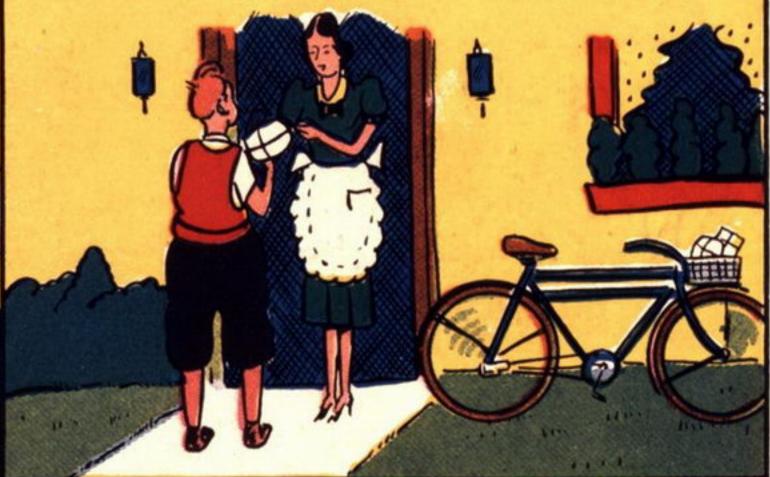
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSLE KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!



THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,
SAID,"I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,
"WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE —
"A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY GOLLY!"



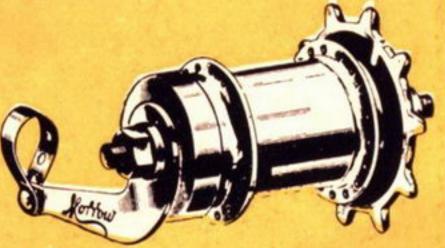
NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT—
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,
'MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!



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